THE MONARCH BILLIONAIRE.

MORRISON I. SWIFT.

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THE MONARCH BILLIONAIRE

BY

MORRISON I. SWIFT

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THE MONARCH BILLIONAIRE.

CHAPTER I.

For a rough diamond Giles Wyndon was far in the lead in the seaboard town of his adoption. So rough was Giles that his fellow inhabitants, save one, questioned disquietedly whether he was a diamond. That one was Margaret Wyndon, his pretty daughter, to whom alone, except money, Old Giles was devoted with his soul.

Giles was reputed to be rich, "enormously" rich, the envious said, but there again, as with the age of Giles, all was speculation, for although he conducted large deals in shipping, manufacturing, banking, and other departments of usefulness, all of it was done in the name of a company, The Amalgamated Fish, Ship, Iron, Transportation, Coal, and Steel Company, of which, however, the principal partners, whoever they might be, never

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appeared to interfere with the conduct of Giles. He bought and sold and builded and schemed and speculated and added factories to The Amalgamated until the workmen it comprehended made Steel Haven a city, of which The Amalgamated was itself the chief and guardian thing.

But it was a rickety city, cultureless, squalid and unbeautiful, and in the heart of the ricketiness lived Giles with his sparkling feminine treasure in a ramshackle tenement unfit to stand.

"I am too poor for a better," he said to the neighbors, with that grimace which made the children run and the elders creep. They all feared Giles. Some of them secretly called him the Devil's Nose, he was into so many things. Preternaturally weird and magnetic he was, frightening his victims so much that they thought him Old Nick, so named him "Old" Giles, though in years he was just in the early heyday of middle life and towering strong.

Four miles off and inland on the river there was a seat of eminent refinement and sedate repose, the town of Bernfield, with its ancient homes, its families stretching dimly back, its inherited wealth and its stately college for young men. Old Giles hated Bernfield, hated its people, its rigid intangible memories, and its culture, and he would have locked up the river just above his wharves and for-

bidden the Bernfield pleasure yachts from riding out to the ocean if it had been in his power to do so.

Those who have visited this rare carving of nature can never forget it. The mountains in many convolutions and fissures bend around the town on the landward side in a protecting crescent. From the clefts and ravines, each profoundly differing from its neighbors, issue limpid streams that join at intervals in the town, rolling through private grounds or down the centre of winding, picturesque streets with flexured driveways on either side, affording the architect and landscape gardener priceless opportunities for enhancing nature's marvelous effects. On account of the mountain wall Bernfield climate escaped the winter bleakness of environing regions. A large, exclusive hotel prospered at all seasons on a huge ledge of the crescent, admitting to its luxuries only those commended by some Bernfield best family, and at night the lights of this caravansary glistened above the town like the humanized spirit of an electric constellation, softening the chill or gloom of storm and darkness. From Bernfield down to the sea line sloped a rich plain laden with handsome farms, many of which were owned by the prosperous families of Bernfield and cultivated by the higher order of tenantry, whose specific excellence lay in politeness and appreciative

humility to the owner quite as much as in virtuosity on the subject of crops.

Bernfield had risen supreme to most earthly distempers, but its surviving sorrow was Old Giles Wyndon. He was in every specification an encroacher. At a poetic distance Steel Haven, with its black mills belching smoke and flame might be tolerable, but through the will and wiles of its indomitable lord, Steel Haven was marching inexorably up the river toward Bernfield, gulping down lovely morsels of farm and forest like an insatiable foraging demon. They kept him out of Bernfield, that is real Bernfield, all the choice lands where the gentlefolks lived. They did this by a strictly graven compact among themselves to sell Bernfield realty only to people vestured in a suitable degree of culture creditably to occupy it. The shaft was aimed at Giles, openly aimed, for Giles was the evoker of smiles and sneers among the élite. It was known from his own lips that he had only with difficulty learned to read in his fifteenth year; a pagan and a vandal, by preference, education and ignorance.

But every well-bred town must have its serving population and they had not been forethoughted enough to exclude Old Giles from the territory of their servile quarter. He had quietly pursued a policy which, at the right turn of events, would

place Bernfield on its knees. The Amalgamated was builder and owner of a trolley system from Steel Haven to the town limits of Bernfield, to which the Bernfield Council, mouthpiece of the superior class, had sternly proscribed entrance. The real Bernfielders had their carriages and a few faded families the spirit to walk. But Giles had colonized the serving district with families from his mills. He circled the trolley path round to the outskirts of this section, and daily the workmen rode to and from their toil.

"Houses are scarce in Steel Haven," communicated Giles; "I don't have to pay them any more wages, and it means ten cents a day the individual back into the pockets of The Amalgamated."

Many of these people rented homes of the Bernfield gentry, which was acceptable, and as they divided their votes between the rival factions of the aristocracy at elections, and kept themselves in the "Slave Quarter," as some high ladies called it, and supplied servant girls to the fashion, the better sort suffered no painful concern at their increasing number.

As Giles expected that Margaret would some time marry, from her babyhood he had given ardent paternal study to the question of her marrying right. His hatred of Bernfield and everything Bernfieldian had contributed most to the

scheme for his daughter's education. Books he abhorred as a Bernfield attribute, the less of which the better, and schools also, the progeny of Bernfield colleges. Old Giles had done some stiff reasoning in years gone. His girl must never marry the kind of mimic men that ornamented Bernfield, and he took a radical vow to inhibit the event. She should not be spoiled by education, for if left to ripen in virgin crudity the cultured men would have no use for her nor she for them. True to this iconoclastic resolve Margaret was never sent to school. Giles taught her to read simple words, a little writing and arithmetic, and there her scholarly gymnastics ceased. For six years the stubborn-hearted man had mourned the loss of his wife before a son had come to him, and the misfortune that Margaret was not a boy, but as business and the infant grew he solved the problem of both by determining to make a boy of Margaret.

She was allowed to play like a lad until eight, when Giles began to take her with him everywhere, her strong, healthy body being his delight and everybody's admiration. He made her his companion among the ships and shops, encouraging her to question into things and work among the rough men as she grew tall and strong. This pleased her father, but what gladdened him more was her precocious aptitude for business. From

the time of that precious discovery he kept the girl with him in his transactions, explaining away the difficulties when the men he had bargained with were gone. At the age of nineteen, after eleven years of this peculiar tutelage, Margaret Wyndon comprehended the profoundest intricacies of Giles' affairs—excepting the constitution of The Amalgamated Company; he even pronounced her his superior in grasp and judgment, and trusted her in large matters as he would not have confided in a trained male partner of his own years.

"She will never marry a Bernfield jay or his like," he assured himself contentedly. "My plan of education was right."

And yet Margaret gave him some qualms. Through all this wonderful discipline, which seemed a solemn and awful thing to the man of concerns, she remained in much a mere child at nineteen, so exuberantly young, so fresh and full of irrepressible spirit, and not the least weighted with the towering transactions in which she rather sported than worked, as instinctive master, like the careless bird building its home in the light. Those colossal affairs that staggered mature men with their monstrous dignity were her amusements because she had learned them as childhood diversions. How silly the care-eaten men looked to her in their

sweat and torture over these little subjects of money.

"It has come so easy to her," Giles sighed; "she doesn't know or respect the brains she exercises."

On one point Giles had been scrupulously reticent to Margaret. Although never mincing his scorn for the Bernfield tribe and all their effeminate gods, he had not betrayed the depth or cause of his personal hatred for their leading families, and this reserve came from a shrinking sentiment that there were traits in him which must not be revealed incautionsly to this young girl if he would cherish unharmed her perfect trust for which he now cared supremely; yet he proceeded sternly on his way, compassing plans that since a fearful convulsive hour had been the passionate purpose of his life. In selecting a destiny a man may foreshape the physical results and miss perception of what will happen therefrom within him.

CHAPTER II.

One of the old and formerly wealthy families of Bernfield had been sinking for a number of years into financial decay through devotion to idleness, pinochle and luxury. Contempt for Giles had not hindered the surviving patriarch of this family clan from borrowing his money, which the wily financier had supplied on condition of lifting previous encumbrances from the estate and having it mortgaged to him alone. The end had come and the ancestral homestead was offered for sale. Leading citizens had organized a syndicate for its purchase as a club house and private park, but when Old Giles signified his intention to bid a public sale was arranged. As the day approached it was evident that a great struggle was preparing. With Bernfield not only the coveted club house, but even more the exclusion of the plebeian pusher Giles, was at stake.

The Richfont property numbered many acres in the handsomest portion of town, its stately man-

sion lying far back among the mighty trees of the grand park. On the day of its sale Margaret accompanied Giles to Bernfield. His racy wit flashed sharply in contemplation of his intended victory.

The bidding opened confidently with the Bernfielders, Giles prudently exceeding them but fifty dollars. They raised a thousand and Giles covered it with fifty. They went up five thousand and Giles modestly added another fifty. This was repeated four times, the excitement becoming tremendous. Then they fell back to thousand-dollar advances, Giles accompanying them as before. The sum was nearing a hundred thousand with terrific strain to the spectators and syndicate bidders. It was four times the initial offer.

"An even two hundred thousand," came from the syndicate in a stroke of desperation. It was a dizzy leap.

"And fifty," drawled Giles.

He and Margaret were the only unexcited persons. Margaret was studying Bernfield high life, its culture in abeyance and its passions unmasked in the fierce eagerness to get something. She looked on wonderingly. There were the persons of breeding and polish, words she had heard caustically uttered in connection with Bernfield. She scanned the tense, angry faces of the wives and daughters of the men who were making the fight.

The men, under the spell of commercial rage, showed themselves of the type that she was familiar with in business. None of them rose above the hard, vulgar level. Her eyes took an inventory of the crowd and only then rested upon a form that stood somewhat aloof leaning against a tree; it was a young man well attired who was also surveying the spectacle. In the course of its wandering his look fell upon Margaret and their eyes met.

Bidding entered the third hundred thousand and advanced gloomily. Old Giles always kept his lead of fifty dollars, his lip curled with a diabolical expressiveness. At length, as if over-bored by the protraction, he took a paper from his pocket and appeared to read.

The other side gathered for conference, in which the young man at the tree joined, the amused, quizzical look still glimmering in his face. Then there was a period of dogged monotonous responses of fifty dollars on each side, with occasional spasms leaping ten thousand. Sullen scowls had frozen on the faces of the aristocracy. They were not in the position of Giles, who could raise the price of some indispensable commodity half a cent and clear millions by it the next day.

"Three hundred thousand," issued from the spokesman of the syndicate.

"Four hundred thousand," remarked Giles, lighting a new cigar and stretching himself as if waking up for battle.

That was too much. The magnificent Richfont demesne belonged to Old Giles, but at nearly ten times its normal value. The spendthrift Algernon Richfont now had a pretty surplus to "blow in" on fashion and racing, and the execrated pirate, Giles Wyndon, was firmly planted in the heart of patrician Bernfield. There were those who were mad enough to murder him.

The crowd did not at once disperse and Margaret, who was left standing alone while her father completed the business, was the object of many hostile and even brutal glances. She was unconcerned, but not so the young man who had seemed half spectator half actor in the scene. The blood flamed into his face at the insolence of the haughty dames and gentlemen toward this girl. He sauntered over to her and lifted his hat and began to speak.

On the way home to the Steel Haven tenement Margaret was ecstatic. "Are we to live in it, father?" she asked.

"Live in it, child!" exploded the man in a paralysis of wonder. "Sink all that capital in mere living?"

The idea tickled him and he laughed and

laughed, and Margaret laughed too, just because she enjoyed all her good comrade's moods.

But her question put a new thought into Giles' head. In the time to elapse before his projects with the estate could fructify some one must inhabit the mansion, and why not themselves? To live disdainfully among his hereditary foes, to cast back hate in their teeth from one of their own ancient social fortresses, would be a joy he had not before conceived. The place had come to them furnished and they need only walk in; and one day they did so, taking simply their housekeeper and trunks.

Margaret came and went as before, acting as Old Giles' second business self and drawing a moderate salary from The Amalgamated for her services. After a time the fine people ceased to condescend even to stare their wooden rebuke at her. To Margaret, living strongly and happily in her own world, these Bernfielders were invisible. There was one person in Bernfield of whom she thought. But the days passed and in her strolls through the town and explorations of the mountain ways they did not meet. The ordinary residents were not given to mountain walks.

On the day following the sale Philip Burson went to the city in the service of his own affairs. These were not pressing. He was a lawyer in the

pink dawn of practice, with a certain capital of his own to look after. It was safely invested and the work it entailed consisted in spending its income. His good connections would bring him law some time and he was not worrying. While he should have been analyzing law books he found himself trying to construe the character of a woman.

His reflections absorbed him: "They say 'illiterate' is not the word, that she is a beautiful blank of civilization; she hasn't the ideas called culture they jam into us; a gipsy or a red-blooded savage couldn't be freer of our fixed thoughts—our civilized obsessions. She is a new woman in reality, new all around, and confoundedly interesting as a type that may grow in protest against hackneyism and regularity. Cultured ladies and gentlemen of Anglo-Saxon breed spoil for want of the salt of courage; they are clogged with multiple interests dragged up out of the slimy past, and their life work is to rake away at this growing pile of stale ferment to win fame by saying something new about it. We stumble ahead face backward. Why don't we swing round and look to the front and future? We are all mired—when we lift a leg to move forward the other sinks deeper and we don't go. Yet one may be free from culture barnacles without having anything else, may be just

empty; the chances I suppose are against Miss Wyndon's having a strength of her own."

Burson's reveries usually ended this way, in gloom. Waking from one of them, in which his judgment had triumphed decisively against the possibilities of one like Margaret, he took the train for Bernfield. A college student whom he knew rode in the coach and they sat together. The young fellow, a junior just ascending into the confidence of the outside college men and gratefully strenuous to deserve the new-born respect for his wisdom, soon warmed to the friendly magnetism of Philip and expanded on the affairs of the college, chatting confidentially, assuming that Philip was up in the news, for his name was identical with the higher Bernfield aristocracy and he was intimate and popular with the college boys, being only a little older.

What Philip gathered from his self-conscious reserve and energetic outbursts was this: The influential portion of the student community had gone hotly into the quarrel against Giles, their anger being fanned by the young ladies of the first families with whom they spent most of the time they could filch from athletics. They might have tolerated the old pagan but for two circumstances: he did not go to church, and he and his queer daughter made almost nightly parties at the great

house for the lowest riff-raff, the mere work-people of his mills. This showed a mean nature, or was it a planned outrage on those in the sensitive circle of whose sight he had thrust himself? Factory wretches trailing up into the sacred portion of town where they could be seen, and entering the noble old Richfont gates as if they had a right to, was something not to be borne. It would ruin the community's character, that is its peculiar superiority to other towns where classes mixed, and this would demoralize the college, for it was one of the allurements offered to unhooked seekers of learning, that half the education of that institution was afforded to the students by the generous intercourse of the exceptionally cultivated families of Bernfield and their daughters. There was a moral question, too: nobody knew what kind of a person that daughter of Old Giles' might be. There was a good deal said and suspected. Already she was deteriorating some of the weaker fellows, the poor ones, who didn't belong to the fraternities and go into good society. All you had to do was to speak to her and she would speak back and talk without knowing you. He had tried it himself, just to learn, and she was fascinating as the devil. Had she said anything out of the way? Nothing out of the way, but think of a young lady you could go up to and address, or who might even speak to you

first, if she liked your looks; there wasn't much lady about that. Just a woman would have been different. There wouldn't be a great deal of culture left in town if she remained. And such a girl *couldn't* have morality you know, if you looked on that side of it.

Of course something must be done and it was going to be done the next night. Only a few were onto it, fellows you could trust, but naturally they wouldn't have dared to go ahead without the underground support of the heavy men of the community. These gentlemen couldn't show their hand, but if any of the fellows got criminally arraigned they would back them in the courts; it would be treated as a college prank and they would be let down easy—a fine at most, which the citizens behind them would pay. They were going to burn the house that old Wyndon had bought, as the simplest way of smoking the old hyena out.

CHAPTER III.

Philip Burson was one of the leading citizens of Bernfield, and the youth who discoursed the preceding information did not observe that it was new to his listener, who had conversed incuriously as if he had nothing to learn.

On the following day an Indian summer sun brought everybody out of doors and Burson spent the morning greeting his friends. All of them were full of the subject of the Wyndons and their carryings on, so that wherever the talk began it ended with them. Under Burson's keen banter some of them appeared far from comfortable in mind. These were doubtless privy to the plot.

Burson held a peculiar place in the Bernfield consciousness. He was different from the rest in the undoubted possession of brains. His independence was often scandalous. They were afraid of him, his good-natured badinage stung. Never a censor, they felt him capable of outstripping them in well or ill, they could not sound his tendencies, he was a puzzle and a favorite. Some way they

wanted his approval though pretending not to, but they were never sure of it. The greater breadth of his mental outlook was disturbing and cast both a shadow and a spell on them.

It was very displeasing to certain ones that he had come down to Bernfield at this time. They tried to put a brave face on themselves and found it much harder to do so than the day before. But the climax was reached when Margaret Wyndon, dressed simply and looking very beautiful, was joined on her way to the post office by Burson, and then asked to walk farther, strolling by his side through the very college grounds under the eyes of all the young men, turning the heads of some well up in the social pitch, and then going homeward among the residences by other streets. The public had never suffered such a shock. Nobody but Philip Burson could have given it to them.

The effrontery of the Wyndon woman paralyzed the feminine side of the community. She enjoyed Philip in open street, dared to enjoy him, and he talked to her like an equal—his manner evidenced it—as if she were up to him and could comprehend. If only they dared to resent it, but who felt like undertaking to resent Burson? The men looked cloudy and fell apart into groups. What did Phil Burson mean? Was he merely performing to mystify them? Had the siren fasci-

nated him for the instant? Of course he could have nothing to do with her long. Did he know what was in brew for that night? One thing they realized: Burson could not be trifled with, and disregardful of the fury against the Wyndons he had publicly placed himself at their side. Was it to be taken as an espousal of their cause? The men did not like to ask him.

At eleven o'clock that evening the moon set and Philip Burson crossed the Wyndon grounds from his own place which adjoined. Keeping in the shadow of trees he approached the house, with which he had been familiar from childhood. The only point where fire would successfully take was in a many-angled frame extension somewhat to the rear, and Philip placed himself where he could command the avenues leading to it. His post was between the mansion and a group of thickly vined summer houses in whose shadow the incendiaries could advance unseen.

That night Margaret Wyndon had retired to her room at an early hour. Throwing a long dark cloak about her slim form she had then without her father's knowledge passed out by a rear door and entered the labyrinth of arbors. Old Giles sought his couch and slept in solid peace; the faithful woman who was their only servant tossed sleeplessly on her bed. Only Margaret was aware that

this woman had a daughter in Bernfield, the stenographer and general helper of a Bernfield gentleman with literary pretensions, in whose house she lived. She had ambition herself to do something in letters and the position was advantageous. Knowledge of her mother's service with the Wyndons would have caused her dismissal, so the relationship had been concealed. Her employer's son was one of the plotters against Giles, he had convoked some of the meetings of the young conspirators at his home, and one day when alone at her work in the quiet library, the girl heard words from the next room that drew her in dismay to the slightly open door where she had learned the students' purposes, and had conveyed them to her mother. When Margaret was told these facts she had enjoined the woman to say nothing of them to Giles, fearing the results of his savage temper if he should know. She would show herself to the depredators, and, of course, they would run. Probably they would be masked, but as she already knew the names of several through Mrs. Rector, she could visit those who lived in town the next day, and compel a bonded guarantee from their parents that the attempt would not be repeated, on pain of exposure and legal action.

She had been in concealment for some time

when a step ground slightly on the gravel and a figure moved by toward the house. Straining her eyes to distinguish it, and expecting others, she prepared to move out upon them. The man advanced a few steps and then paused, leaning against a tree. Although his face was turned away the pose was unmistakable: it was the same that had imprinted itself on her mind at the sale, the careless ease of Philip Burson was a vivid memory. Margaret put her hand before her eyes and sank back upon the seat. The man who had arisen in her life to awaken strange feelings of trust was the subtlest traitor, for he could only be there to join others in committing a most dastardly act. She leaned her face into her arms on the railing and gave way to a great agony. Then she mastered herself and with numb feeling waited. For a time Philip kept his position by the tree and then approaching the arbor rested against it hardly two feet from where Margaret was. His features were outlined against the night, and the girl could see them plainly. A moment before she had imagined that she hated him, but now the feeling was gone; there by her side something from him pervaded her and it was good, and then, though proof had been strong against him, she would have believed in him.

It was a soft fall night, and all the stars

beamed brilliantly. The glory of the vision lifted the young man's soul, quickening it to the tender solicitations which seemed to come to him from every part of that sublime still nature. Perhaps the motion of her spirit who was by him penetrated him with its indefinable waves. He thought of her compared with the women of his sphere. They had their multitude of trivial refinements, graces one could learn, but the great refinement, did he know one who had that? The picture of the tigerish Bernfield ladies at the sale, women usually so perfectly modulated, rose in his mind—Margaret Wyndon was worlds their superior, if he could read women she was one in the great sense. His strong face must have revealed the swell of emotion that bore through him, for Margaret with a sudden impulse reached out her hand and almost touched his hair.

The night wore on, and Philip kept his vigil, pacing backward and forward or seated by the summer house entrance, and the girl whose free and forceful spirit had never felt the need of protection, watched him lovingly and felt protected. The marauders did not come, and when the morning began to break Philip went home to sleep. On the two succeeding nights he resumed his guard, Margaret, however, remaining indoors, stationed where she could look out from a window

upon him and keep him company. She could not have passed a second night of such nearness without revealing her presence. Philip was now satisfied that the project had been abandoned, and returned to his ordinary habits.

Margaret was experiencing a new life. The ample expanse about her home, with its many fresh autumnal vistas was ceaselessly fascinating, and won her to long explorations. Burson, wandering restlessly among the fine old elms of his place, one day came within speaking distance, unexpectedly to each. He crossed the barrier and joined her, proposing to pilot her to an especially lovely spot. In the depth of this seclusion there was a rustic seat, and here they talked until the chill of approaching night drove them in. Without precise agreement, they met in the same place the next day, afterward coming regularly to spend hours together.

They were frequently seen in each other's company on the public streets, everybody in town knew and severely commented on this; only Giles, immersed in his own concerns, did not know it.

CHAPTER IV.

Old Giles meanwhile matured his purposes. For years he had been figuring to turn Bernfield into a factory town, and the scheme was near consummation. The large stone mansion he had purchased would be an admirable wing of the extensive brick structure he intended to raise beside it. The stream coursing through the estate would supply power; the encumbering oaks and elms should fall, and rows of useful workmen's dwellings, brick and two stories high, take their places. He was envious of the water force wasted, though it might have been utilized below the little city. But that region was evilly sacred to him: he had had a mill there once, by his hand there should never be another.

He meant to have a good many factories going in Bernfield before he ceased expanding it. The first of them would spoil the value of adjacent lands by half or three-fourths, which would be rich for him; these mossed-over estates hung on

a fictitious thread, beauty; he would cut the cord and plump them down to plain productive level; he would squeeze the emotional valuation out of them. Most of their squeamish, tissue-paper owners would not be able to abide in an atmosphere of usefulness, and he exulted in the transformation: place after place would drop to him for a song; the exorbitant sum he had paid for the first had got the wedge in, next would come Burson, who might be thankful for ten thousand for his property. Some prospective purchasers of residence sites had already been turned away from Bernfield by the private tip of Giles' agents.

There would be opposition, glorious intoxicating opposition. Battle was what Giles fed on, it made him drunk with energy. The aristocrats would vengefully resent his invasion, they would fight; he thirsted for it, he would drag the struggle out and mash them slowly; they should be robbed of their dozing hamlet with its pretty charms and proud exclusiveness.

Old Giles was ready for the fray. Inferior Bernfield, the lower elements, as they were ticketed, now well outnumbered the rich and high, thanks to his process of grafting, and were all on his side. At the local election just gone his dependents had quietly returned a majority of the councilmen. If the courts were petitioned

to intervene, the immense interests of The Amalgamated would stay their hand.

Giles had completed his estimates and it only remained to sign the contracts with the builders. One pleasure had been postponed, that of disclosing his magnificent designs to Margaret. There would be no demur—of course not, she was as modern as himself, but he couldn't be blind to some instincts of hers, apish tendencies he regarded them, to wander among trees and gaze at them. Moving to Bernfield had possibly been a mistake. Coming home from Steel Haven he resolved to inform her of his projects that very afternoon, and walking through the classic avenues, picturing to his mind the impending benefits to mankind from filling these idle thoroughfares with mill hands and factory operatives, he reflected that the college structures would make splendid woolen mills, and he speculated on what the owners would sell for later. On the other side of the broad street some one walking with a young man passed without noticing him, and Old Giles stopped stiff to gaze at them: it was Margaret, and with her Philip Burson. Then Giles Wyndon swore, and proceeded home with a strange conflict lowering in his face.

Twenty years before, Giles had been himself a resident of Bernfield. Having worked and saved

and invested, he was at that time, in his twentieth year, the owner of three thousand dollars. On a prospecting tour, perceiving the rich wasted forces of the Bernfield river, he had raised twelve thousand more among men who believed in him where he had grown up, had adopted Bernfield as his new home and erected a mill below the town, investing everything in it. In those days the late Potter Burson, Philip's father, was the man of ruling influence, being mayor of the place and weighty in State, industrial, political and social interests. Under his guidance the village citizens had rather encouraged, at any rate, permitted, the youthful Giles to push forward his schemes without warning or disapproval, stretching his credit to a total of seventeen thousand dollars, a big sum of money to him, on the certainty of profits to come; and when all was ready and the operatives had arrived from a distance, they had pounced down on him and established their ownership of the river and its tributaries in the entire township, fortifying themselves behind State legislation that had been quietly got while Giles was building.

Thus they had shrewdly estopped his use of the stream when his every resource was buried in the works. Not a dollar could he raise to fight them at law, not a lawyer could he find to assume his

case prospectively. Giles was an upstart adventurer before the respectability of Bernfield, whose influence with Bench and Bar was an upper law, all-powerful, and the people of consequence over the State—for the matter roused wide interest—rejoiced in his suppression.

The mill was dismantled to pay a percentage on the debts, and Giles Wyndon found himself a bankrupt ruined in business reputation, just when the worst of his hardships seemed to be clearing away.

Margaret was born a little while after the collapse came. It was a period of savage stress to the young husband and wife; with nothing to live on and triumphant hostility greeting them everywhere they were hounded by vicious creditors who charged Giles with fraud and tripped him in every effort to gain a new footing even of the humblest kind. He was forced to leave his wife and go where he was unknown to find the lowest day labor and earn bread. He believed that his Bernfield enemies had moved the creditors to this base persecution.

While he was away, his lovely young wife died, destroyed, Giles vowed, by the iniquitous malice of these inquisitors. Hurrying home distraught by grief and feverish rage, Giles had confronted his chief antagonist, charging him with murder-

ing his wife with his barbarous cruelty and demanding the inside reasons for such hate. Giles was hardly more than an impulsive boy, precocious only on the patriotic get-on-in-the-world side; his character was unformed; but he was trying to open his eyes to the wonders of destiny, and affliction was doing its usual work.

Before him in the elegant parlor of his home, whither Giles had come, sat Potter Burson, the deep, immaculate man of the world, his steel-cold penetrating look forcing into Giles a bitter consciousness of his own manifold incapacities. But if implacable and sometimes inhumanly stern in his purposes, Burson's intelligence was too large and self-reliant for him to trifle with himself or others. Without a particle of feeling or a reservation, he dissected the situation before Giles Wyndon as if the latter were free from part or interest in it.

"You are a crude youth or I should not have to explain to you," Burson began slowly. "You entered business of your free will, did you not? What right have you to cry when you get hurt? Is business a missionary society, or a hospital? Did you suppose men were in business to do good? To love others? I can inform you they are there to smash others and elevate themselves. All can't rise. Rising is right, crushing others to rise on

their commercial corpses is right, for rising couldn't occur without it. It's war. War is hell. Hell is bloody and foul and cruel. There's no love in war, it's all hate—that's also business. Do you go to war in a swallow-tail and carry your feelings in your shirt-bosom? What kind of a soldier would you make if you did that?

"But hell and blood and dirt and cruelty are not sweet things to live in all the time. Men of taste and station want variety, a little respite from hell; some of us even would be glad if the blood and hell and filth could be dispensed with. We don't see how they can be in this world, so we must put up with them and use them for our good as God Almighty intended. It's bad for the other fellow, but God evidently intended that too. Nevertheless, we can have oases where we don't see hell and cruelty in action, and that's the aim of the cultivated and religious. The proper ordering of life is the limitation of business battles to battle-fields, and not letting them reach all places like a stench; keeping the dead and wounded, the filth and garbage, out of sight as much as possible. The modern world allows refinement to one side of nature only—the commercial side can't be refined, so that absolute separation of the two is the choice of wise men.

"Bernfield was built as a haven of escape from

commercial hell. When we retire here, it's to forget the foulness of active life in which we have to pound and scratch when we return to the mart. You undertook to bring the mart down here and that's your crime. In the industrial battle camp we're no better than you or anybody else, we're all black as tar and mean as sin; but here we are better, for your nature has only one side, the battle, dirt, blood side; you're one who would make every spot in the world a Hell-Common for trade and profit. We hate your kind and will prison you into limits—though your whole nature is exactly counterpart of half our nature, and we know it. To crush you when you crawl out of your sphere is our purpose, to maim you so that you'll not come again—as we did.

"And we use war ways, the necessary universal all-hate and murder-wide ways of the mart, to do it. There are some elements of hell in this process, several of them. Quite true; finding a number of such elements in commerce we take the right to fence ourselves off from them somewhere and save an acre where they don't reign, nor do we fear to use the ways of hell to guard that acre, we prize the taste of better things so highly.

"If this statement isn't in the track of your understanding let me offer you a perfectly tangible thought. We refined people know that mill life is

beastly and brutalizing, that those who follow it can't help being beastly and brutal. Yet it must go on, for we couldn't be refined if it did not. We get our wealth from it, which is the nursing-bottle of refinement; without its milk, which is the beastly and brutal toil of others, refinement would cease. But do you think we shall tolerate having these facts under our nostrils? slapped daily into our faces?

"Do you imagine that a man of true feeling is happy among these deformed operatives, or can endure living where the debased creatures swarm the streets? They flaunt his crimes in his face. It is the requirement of a developed nature to put ugliness and wretchedness out of sight, and we find the economically necessary wretchedness much more offensive than the accidental, because we cause it."

Giles passed from youth to manhood in this interview. His life had been free from domineering purpose; he had worked and adopted industry as the needful thing for a competence, but with no absorbing ambition for power or riches; now all the rugged forces of his nature set in an iron resolution; and he let himself out in speech which bore fiercely over Burson and made him quail:

"You have opened my eyes to the hell of life and your glad part in it. You, Potter Burson,

man of refinement and murder; you killed my wife as straight and sure as if you had stabbed her heart through. Do you think I'll forgive you or yours or let you rest? From now till death I'll spend my powers to rip and tear you out of this spot of paradise where you flee from ugliness and plot the damnation of others. I see I never understood things, the great principles of human society; I do now; you've given me the key to your kind and my force and hate shall hunt them down. Culture is the mask you shrewdest fiends put on to trick and spoil the world. I'll rip it off of you and lay you bare for those you fool and mock to trample you."

Saying this, Giles Wyndon strode from the room and house.

Potter Burson was neither a moral nor physical coward, yet after this scene he was for a long time disturbed. A young man whom he had despised and thought to snuff out and end had loomed before his eyes into a figure of dangerous strength. It is unpleasant for even the strong to have implacable enemies. Had he understood his man earlier, or tried to understand him—but the boyish face with the large, trusting, innocent eyes, how could he have gone behind it to discover the smouldering fires of practical genius and invincible will? For in their brief defiant colloquy

Burson had seen his enemy with a flash of inspiration and recognized the qualities of the commercial giant. Then he would rather have had almost any one he knew opposed to him than this ignorant youth, denuded of every material help.

CHAPTER V.

THE shipping interests of Bernfield Harbor, as the river mouth was then called, were owned in those days by the wealthy families of Bernfield. Potter Burson was the proprietor of a ship-yard there and heavy share holder in a line of freighters plying on the ocean. Ten years after the meeting described in Potter Burson's house this line passed over to The Amalgamated; soon after the ship-building works followed to the same bourne, and Potter Burson, with a number of the old-school Bernfield gentlemen, retired from business on the seas and invested the shrunken assets from their shipping properties in other and they hoped more lucrative sources of income. Old Giles Wyndon—he was already long denominated Old Giles—had frozen them out, and the deep successful man of commercial genius celebrated his victory by severing Bernfield Harbor from its verbal association with Bernfield and giving it the imposing title of Steel Haven.

All the world around had watched this huge

ten-years' prize-fight between the old-school Titans and the single-handed new-day pugilist with keen relish. Giles had routed them by the introduction of larger and swifter vessels. He had slashed freight charges down below cost and caught their trade in every port, defraying his vessel losses from the profits of other industries already tabulated in long schedule under the Amalgamated Fish, Ship, Iron, Transportation, Coal and Steel Company.

It had been ten years of cankering strain on Potter Burson. They were irremediable. In those years he never got away from business cares, and Bernfield with infernal mockery soon ceased to be the haven of rest and strength that he had found it. He had seen Giles Wyndon, the raw youth he once imagined he had blotted out, mount into the firmament and remain there, while he and those he led, in spite of superhuman efforts, had fallen earthward. It had hurt his health, and the sense of being the personal creator of that monster Giles and the marplot of his own life, started a wearing inward sore. The Bernfield gentry invested what they had rescued from their ocean enterprises in other fields, but the centre of gravity of the financial world had shifted and their weight was no longer predominant; although still opulent the newer men were out-marching them.

After his signal triumph Giles seemed quiescent toward Bernfield, devoting his strength to amassing great new enterprises under The Amalgamated. Was he placated by the painful evidence of Potter Burson's weakening frame, as the years went by, that the shaft had struck home? Before Giles moved a second time against his Bernfield adversaries, Burson died, at a period of life when his powers should have been at their ripest. On the afternoon of Burson's grand funeral, Giles drove alone to a little neglected cemetery where Margaret's mother lay, but what he thought or did there no one knows. Perhaps he vowed again to wipe out the beauty of Bernfield and sweep away its ancient families, and if so on this day of his resolution to acquaint his daughter with his grand plans the vow was about to be kept.

Hence the strange terror of his emotions on seeing Margaret walking publicly as if in established friendship with the son of his fallen but unforgiven enemy.

He went home with set teeth, his thoughts striking him like trip-hammers. There was no anger in him toward his daughter; he had scrupulously concealed from her the facts of his great life motive and no fault was in her; but if this fatuity of his should now cause her to rise in his way—. It was impossible; Burson, with his layers of culture,

could only be amusing himself with a girl like Margaret, who was utterly barren of it all. He steeled himself in his conviction that her child-like ignorance of whatever people in the fine world prize would save her and conspire with him.

When Margaret came in, Giles called her to him seeking information in her face and focusing all his native shrewdness upon her. She was not a commercial problem and no constructive insight rewarded him. Her remarkable beauty struck him as never before.

"Margaret, love," he said very kindly, almost pleadingly, "don't let it go that way. Philip Burson doesn't want you for his wife; he is only amusing himself with you, and if he were true and honest about it, I would rather see you marry a seaman out of my ships, a man of work and life, or a plain honest mill hand from our mills, than him. This one isn't true and sound in at the core, his kind ain't—you don't know what I do, I've dealt with them. Meanness, treachery, pride are mixed with their varnish more than half; culture is just like a sweet syrup mixed in with the poison to cover its nature and make it seem good. Marry a man whose ancestors haven't corrupted him, one of your own kind. I'll find him, a straight workman who has risen, who didn't have the accursed education which pretends to broaden

men's hearts and befouls all the heart they have. Don't you know you're a fool to that elegant set? You've none of the stuff in you that's everything to them; you'd die of heart-break with one of them, for he would be ashamed of you right off and hate you. Which do you believe in most, child, those new clothed-up chaps who come cooing and lying for the money they think you have and would only take you as dross thrown in, or Old Giles, whose rough heart would almost break, it really would, if you married one of them?"

Margaret put her arms about his neck and kissed him with the impulse of unshakable love.

"We have been as one, father," she gladdened him, "and will always be so. I'll never marry a man you don't believe in, one you think is insincere, no matter how much I love him."

Something loosened in Old Giles' heart which for many years had been hard and tight. The innocent hours and feelings of his life with a young woman whom Margaret to-day vividly recalled, feelings that were before he had linked himself with nature's awful retributive forces, seemed to revive.

He kissed the lovely face, comforting him with its large trusting eyes, with deep feeling. "You are the best woman God ever made," he said, "except one. And you'll find that I'm acting to pro-

tect you. You'll learn that what I say of Burson is true. A man can't help his nature from showing out, if you watch for it, and this one will show his. You'll see."

He pressed her tenderly in his massive arms, caressing her like a little child.

Margaret's love for this strange being was something very different from ordinary family affection. Business life had taught her the vigorous use of her mind, so that she could reason as well as feel; in the years of their intimacy the two had been companions free from the usual consciousness of father and child, for Giles, early discerning his ineptitude as a parent, had taken up the little thing as a play fellow, and thus she came to know him as a keen young mind in that natural relation can know the one closest, and to love and trust him with a passion rooted in her knowledge.

She was equal to what might come. Love had never been the theme between her and Philip; she could go on meeting him as they had done, in the free way that was so good. She would not ask herself whether it meant love, or if his nature was what it seemed; now at least it was good to be with him—it was good, it was good, the best of life yet. And day by day they lived the hours together among the elms, happy as the beings of a golden

age, though Margaret was more observing than before.

Old Giles was now sure of his way. When the announcement came upon the public that he was preparing to turn the grand old Richfont homestead into a factory, it was like the opening of a volcano in the heart of town. The infuriated united voice of the best set, the law and order guarding people of the community, was lifted up for vengeance and physical violence. By common agreement killing was the mildest compromise for such a reprobate, if it could be done properly—without identifying the act with the doer. While the storm was raging with ungovernable fury a couple of circumstances arose which checked its progress toward the physical destruction of Giles. The authentic information spread that Giles carried weapons, and stories of his accomplished handling of brutal men who had faced him with numbers seasoned the news. Much worse, the canaille of Bernfield had spontaneously crystallized into a mass meeting, strengthened by crowds of their fellow operatives from Steel Haven, and amid shocks of ugly turbulence and lawless threats had resolved that if a hair of Giles' head suffered injury they would storm the aristocratic quarter and avenge him on every man they found.

The gentry were scandalized into paralysis by

the outrageousness of a mob of miserables daring to mention force, and a message was sent to the governor for state troops to bore the elements of duty into them, which Giles however countermanded. Failing here it was considered unsalutary by the ethical upper classes to swagger further with the weapon of lawlessness, and they stoutly disclaimed having thought of violence at any time —which was taken at its worth by the slum people, but had an appeasing effect, transferring the battle to council chambers, where the quietly formed Wyndon majority discovered itself and gave a verdict to Giles. It went to the courts, and here his victory through the enormous influence of The Amalgamated Fish, Ship, Iron, Transportation, Coal and Steel Company was as certain. The day of old memorial families in that section of the world was seen painfully drawing to an end, and the great living Amalgamated was hailed lord.

Margaret was hardly conscious of what was going on. Her life at this time seemed to contain nothing beyond the hours with Philip and the delicious after-reveries upon them when she was alone. Her thoughts and dreams and feelings came from new worlds within her, to whose glad enticement she radiantly abandoned herself. Philip too was passive to outward events, bringing very hard sayings down upon him from his own class.

He was a degenerate son of his father, they fumed, who schemed for sordid profit from the town's ruin by marrying the vulgar plebeian heiress. His constancy proved that nothing less than marriage was his design. He might have been satisfied with the usual thing between high and low ranks. There are sanctioned codes of association for gentlemen with women without desecrating the holy shrine of matrimony. Social dignity and public duty modify not ten but a hundred commandments, where there are a hundred. Such marriages unsettle nature. How cruelly he shattered the *great* reputabilities and virtues! The higher interests, high thinking and high feeling, the cultivation of everything choice, the very preservation of fine morals and moral aims, in an artistic sense, even the revered institution of the family as it should be, supported by the two props of social parity, he had pitched them all away for the wealth of a low-souled girl with base progenitors. At a private caucus of the undisputed ladies on the subject, a point of great weight had been settled: she was not pretty. If poor Potter Burson, that true patrician and dear man, were alive to correct or disown this ingrate progeny!

These people despised money, in the possession of others. They did not give their own away, those who were not intently idle spent what brains they

had in trying to get more of it. They said they despised it, and of course each believed the other when he said it.

Old Giles thought of Burson quite as they did. He detested him as one scant of heroism to fight as his father had fought, and was resolved to give him no mercy.

CHAPTER VI.

But one morning a new amazement came upon the town. In glaring type the papers exploded the information that The Great Fish, Ship, Iron, Transportation, Coal and Steel Company was embarrassed; fast after which in an extra they electrified the inhabitants by printing that failure with very bad developments was certain. Giles had mismanaged, the blame was his, and the joy of patrician Bernfield soared to frenzy. The fearful nightmare having lifted, the people let themselves go in primitive vociferation, with a conquering note over all of braying horns from the college students, who marched about the streets in long single files with hands on one another's shoulders tearing the peaceful ether to tatters with tin trumpets. The gloom on the slum quarter was of a density that no rumbles of retaliation stirred. The arch vandal was fallen, the historic grandeur of the noble old town saved.

Then citizens held their breath as more deeply

portentous insinuations were whispered. First stealthily, then broadly and insultingly, it spread that Old Giles Wyndon was accused of fraud by the partners of the great Amalgamated now in the dust. Facts leaked out rapidly, everything that was said was now authority. Giles had borrowed an aggregate of enormous sums from poor widows and orphans, and from capitalists who wanted an income devoid of carking thoughts of industrial enterprises, being occupied with yachts and golf. His cruelty to these helpless ones was like coal oil on the fires of popular indignation, though many said the poor widows and orphans had been swindled so many times by their borrowers that they ought to be used to it now, but the shock would be more cruel and terrible to the innocent capitalists. The big men of the company were concerting to bring their recreant manager to the criminal bar, causing Old Giles' arrest to be hourly looked for, while strange individuals appeared in town to verify the story by shadowing him to prevent his escape. They were known to be secret service men, for they told the citizens they were detectives.

The delight of men, women, children, and college students in the finishing discomfiture of Philip Burson was such as no one who has not spent the

greater part of his life in a moderate sized but intensely cultivated community can describe.

Giles bore his leonine head stiffly erect as this ordeal progressed, being seen in public more than usual, showing the hard-jawed defiance predestined by his attributes. Some might have thought he was enjoying it, if they had studied him a little, but all were too delirious for that. The one who suffered was Margaret. Giles was very sombre before her. The lost money she felt to be nothing, for no greed was in her composition, but to see her father hurt and maligned bruised her painfully. The charge that he had done wrong was at that time ridiculously impossible to her mind; she strengthened him with her scorn of the accusers, hiding her smart. In these days she went no longer to her trysting place with Philip.

The blackness that gathered on Giles' character was all detailed in the daily prints, for the newspapers once given the scent burrowed assiduously for animated copy among the myriad talkers who had an evil story to wing against the crippled deity.

"If I have to go to jail, Margaret——?" Giles questioned one day.

"I'll go into commerce, with the training you've given me, to pay the debts and expose the villainy that sends you there."

"I always told you that you were an abler business man than I," he broke out with strange laughter.

"She needs activity in this crisis," Giles divined, and he contrived a mission for her to New York. The papers noted her departure, and hoped the right parties would scrutinize her travels and transactions.

That evening Philip Burson sent his name in to Giles.

"Well," demanded Old Giles acidly, "what is it?"

"I have," said the young man, "five hundred thousand dollars beside my place. That in your eyes is probably a trifling sum, but if it can assist you in any way in your present difficulty I wish to place it at your disposal."

Giles made a queer sound suggestive of an oath or something else.

"Look here," he flamed out harshly, "are you a fool, or what am I to call you? I've had my mind bent on taking all you have out of you, and now when I lose the power to do it you come here and throw yourself at me to be crushed. Do you know they're proving me to be a swindler? Have you got a shrewd hope you'll make something out of this? You won't. I hated your father, and I hate you as his son; you've got his nature, only

weaker. You never made a cent for yourself, did you? Five hundred thousand dollars to save a thing like The Amalgamated! Ha! Ha! Ha! Put your pennies in your pocket, boy, or you'll never see them again."

"It is nonsense to talk of your being a swindler —in the ordinary sense. I have some insight into men if I'm not a commercial giant."

"Ho, you have, have you! Ho, you have! What do you know about old gnarled knots like me, a stripling like you? But I'll take your chicken feed, I'll take it! Make your substance over before you change your mind, what there is of it— your mind. It won't save me, nor it won't help me, but I'll throw it in to spite my creditors, just a driblet to tantalize 'em, he, he. And you won't miss it, with your mind. What'll your house fetch?"

"Thirty thousand under pressure, but it's worth fifty or sixty."

"All right, all right, get the papers ready. I'll give you a dollar for it; you're a provident youngster for these times, quite commercial; you'll make a cheerful pauper, and what a lawyer!"

Philip took from his pocket the papers transferring his various holdings and handed them to Giles, his strong fibres tense under the force of

will that held him from resenting the lashing words.

Giles saw and relished the chastisement he was inflicting, and after examining the documents critically for flaws, continued in the same biting tone:

"Do you give away your property to everybody like this? Business would be easy if business men were like you."

"Under certain circumstances I do."

"What circumstances?"

"Twenty years ago my father did you a great wrong. Latterly he recounted all the circumstances to me, including your interview at his house. Afterward I think he broadened, and was sorry for what he had done, but the enmity was fixed, and there was no remedy. The trouble you made him may have been his teacher, most men, however, do not learn even from trouble. You were wealthy and had you not failed I could probably have done nothing. I can now clear away an ill family record, and start in the world without commercial stain."

"Yes, you thought I was rich. The company I'm agent for was rich, but it doesn't follow I was."

Old Giles rose, taking the papers from his pocket he flung them back to Philip.

"Suppose I don't intend to have the family feud settled that way?" he demanded, glaring savagely.

"There is only one other way I can suggest," answered the young man evenly.

"What way?"

"By my marrying your daughter."

Giles took a threatening step forward, his hands clenched. "Damn you," sounded from his rigid lips, "I know that's what it's all for. You want to buy her. The girl's penniless. She's ignorant! Reading's a trial to her! She hasn't a single one of your social tricks that make your whited set glamorous. Her name is blackened by mine. You never would love her, I don't want you to love her! Hate her, and let her alone, go away, she's not of your breed—your all-for-self and hell-for-others breed."

Giles' steel-sinewed frame strove and swayed under the climax of struggle with this long-mastering emotion, and a chord of almost pathetic pleading mingled with the harsh resentment.

"I desire to marry your daughter," repeated Philip Burson, "and it would also please me after what you have said to knock you down."

Old Giles regained his firmness. He remembered his pact with Margaret, it must be kept.

"Well—you can have her, then—if she wants

you." The words seemed to wrench themselves from him, tearing and gashing him.

He wrote a New York address. "You'll find her there"—shoving it toward Philip, "and I've decided to use your property after all, it'll take a few spots off of the Wyndon reputation, and be for your good." With which he gathered up the papers left by Philip untouched, and bolted from the house.

The next train bore Philip Burson to New York.

Burson's fall evoked electric storms of sparkling sarcasm in Bernfield drawing-rooms. Plainly the motive for his crime—you couldn't call it anything else—was love. What shame is there so great as being taken in, in love? This was a case of inverted love, said a literary person who was writing an epic poem entitled "Darwinism." An amateur scientist familiar with worms detected atavism, while a presumptive wit daubed a word picture of Margaret as a "primitive woman," a simple unevolved type with none of the tender intellectual complications glorifying the evoluted modern goddess of emotion. Intellectual miscegenation was the term for such a union, decided each of a group of young ladies who had intended to marry Philip. Since he had manifested a mental crumbling the escape of one who might have

wedded him was a peculiarly special providence, in these days when so many special providences fail. They chimed their gladness lugubriously, for marrying men were on the wane—and Philip had been a reality of a man. What a heartbreak his wife would have suffered if the weakness had broken out after a proper marriage with some one!

It could not long remain unknown that Philip had parted with everything he owned to soften the crash of Old Giles. The tragedy of this performance came to his former friends as the last shock a lost man could inflict on those who had loved him once, and gave them a ruddy satisfaction. So he was literally broken down crazy and beyond pity! None of them would consent to be called his friend, not even the several families of his near relations. He had forfeited blood links and exonerated a just expulsion from the heart. They suffered, but bore it like a happy funeral. The cruel ruin of a man of exalted promise crushed them, making them gay at the vision of him coming to his right mind in hungry poverty, with his primitive bride to feed—squaw, it was suggested, which was taken up rapturously as Margaret's fitting appellation. He would come to his poverty anyway, and would not need much right mind to know it. None of the cultured of either sex recognized him on the street; if a man would drop to

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affinity with criminals let him feel it—if he could feel it.

It must be said that Philip at this time felt nothing but a ceaseless wonder at the endowments of Margaret's spirit. The womanly strength and beauty that had been his vision he had found. He was devoting himself to this life, and enjoying a second, conscious, creation of his being. The arctic animosity that closed him in was hardly chilling under these circumstances. His real life was intense and tropical.

Of the virtues Giles was not endowed with patience was one. When he had surprises for the public it was his wont to fire them in fast and hot. Having given his counterfeit failure and the engagement and impoverishment of Philip a decent period to work their psychic transformations in the population, the violence of the newspapers toward Giles was incontinently abated. He gave these organs of light and fluxion a difficult feat to achieve, but they effaced themselves and somersaulted with grace. With outbursts of unfeigned ecstasy they told the world that The Great Fish, Ship, Iron, Transportation, Coal and Steel Company had recovered from its momentary entanglement and would resume business. Pleasant to say its operations had been at no time fully suspended, this majestic structure was not to die and leave

blank emptiness and sorrowing widows where there had been interest. Everyone was congratulated. Life without a monopoly would be dry. There would be no stimulus to a young man if he could not see a monopoly ahead for himself.

Furthermore an examination of the company's affairs had completely cleared the character of "our highly respected citizen, Mr. Giles Wyndon, from unscrupulous and malicious insinuations," and soon the personnel of The Amalgamated Company would be published. It came at length, and the worst suspicions of the people were confirmed: the owners of the huge concern were Giles Wyndon, Esq., Philip Burson, Esq., and Margaret Wyndon.

CHAPTER VII.

THE convictions of a score of years do not yield easily. Giles had accepted Philip because, having tried him for Margaret's sake and to vindicate his own deep distrust, the test had been met leaving no further right of opposition. Then Giles had done his part, with that dogged justice which characterized him when he permitted the mediation of honor, giving Philip a place with himself in The Amalgamated. Deep in him still smouldered the belief that what he called broad manhood, and worth which you could build on to the last grain, could not germinate from the Bernfield nature and education. He wanted these qualities exercised toward him and Margaret, and enjoyed a turbulent and absolute contempt for any one who fell below the standard—to his own acts, however, applying quite different rules. Nevertheless Burson's comprehensive brain relieved him at so many points that he was freed for schemes of colossal absorption of rivals with which his mind teemed. Margaret

read intuitively how far the reconciliation with her lover had gone.

"Do you like living here?" she asked him suddenly at their evening meal.

He looked up surprised. "Why that question? You do."

"No, I don't. I did, but I want to go back to the Steel Haven tenement."

He was alert and hopeful. "Have you and Burson—had trouble?"

The glow in her eyes answered him. "Philip would like to go with us."

Giles' knife and fork clashed on his plate; he stared across at her.

Philip Burson was a man who could dream while standing firmly on the earth. Imagination foreruns reality. The dream of to-day is to-morrow's solid fact, the evening's utopia is the morning's unsurprised realization. Such thoughts had been his in college, through which he had gone without meeting an inspiring professor, a circumstance painful to him then, but which had fortified his natural mental self-reliance. He had made up his mind to live in the morrow as well as the yesterday and to-day. If you cannot have the actual dream fulfillment in your day you can have the dream. If you are satisfied that soon your fanciful utopia will be the invulnerable existing institution, be-

lauded by the mighty host of those who now would froth upon its shadow, you will not consent to lose it all because you were born too early; you will launch yourself forward into it, partly living in the coming beauty now, setting it up as a radiant shrine in your daily existence, where you spend some of the best hours of your life. You will carry its influences with you into the walks of the world.

To his college resolution Philip owed most of the happiness he had had, and some disappointment. He had placed himself unconsciously where in all that was most himself he stood alone. From mingling with men and women and efforts to relate himself to life he had returned athirst and dissatisfied. The meeting with Margaret Wyndon was an epoch. She was to his experience a new genus, not a mere species by herself; she was marked off radically from all others. But of what kind? What was she? He did not know her. To comprehend her had from that moment been his quest. It led to their engagement, but perhaps they had entered upon it mutually on trial, as affording each freedom for searching into the unknown nature of the other, which had become their irresistible fascination.

"Among the women I have met, you alone see the great relations of things," Philip said to her.

"Should we encourage a sect vowed not to read, in order to gain a chance for insight and thinking? Readers are generally neither strong thinkers nor doers: they would feel disgraced to think before knowing what every other thinker had thought, and when it is a question of action they evaporate their strength in fictitious emotions, like stage inebriates."

"But you have something that I like," answered the girl, "and you have read. Intellectual unions may imitate the mixing of different races and bloods, for a strong product there may be needed a wide separation of qualities and training to begin with. Can you imagine what is to be the result of our meeting?"

"I have done nothing, Margaret, I am still and meaningless like all men with ideas under the blight of our time. It is miserable, and I want to break the crystal case of decency I am in, when I can see whither to move."

They ranged over the problems of life near and far in their talks. Each felt that he had been merely whirling about himself in the narrow eddies of living, and they wanted to push out into the broad rushing currents, to be carried to some destiny. But what is a worthy destiny in this modern world? Money making is a kindergarten exercise, left by children of a higher class to three-year-

olds. The luxuries are beneath the intelligent; they can neither guzzle nor glutton, as both of these debaucheries are a decrepitude of character. They have not time to build houses nor to live in grand ones, the call to the one not made with hands will come too soon. Interest in the old Fames is dead. These cradle fames nursed the thoughtless energy of human infancy, toughening voice and limbs; the race needed impulsion; these tinsel fames were the goals and prizes of its discipline. But their meaning has tarried in the halo of the past. Now for life on a broader scale, on a man's scale, and how is a destiny to be found worthy of our long-builded faculties? Such questions they asked, answering as best they could, and thinking more than they spoke.

"You have told me," said Margaret, "that your father considered the business life a hell for the refined man, saying that if one would endure it he must have his little paradise somewhere away in retirement. Do *you* believe that?"

"I have always accepted the first part of it," reflected Philip. "Your father disproved the second part to mine; he showed him that in life as it is there can be no paradise—if you still engage in life. If you can have the modern slaves do your work under another's wand, you resting passively apart to welcome the income and prodigally lavish

it on your joys, never seeing the sordid throbbings of your slaves nor thinking of their mean state and shame, the world may be a paradise to you."

"But can one who would do that be like what the best have called gods—higher beings, as men ought to be?"

Philip answered with a smile.

"There can be no earthly paradise then, unless the men who live in it are all like our dream of the gods," averred Margaret. "It interdicts the *user* of slaves, no less than the slaves."

"The earthly gods are long dead, Margaret."

"But there can be an earthly paradise."

"In how many æons?"

"Now."

"I will join you in it."

"Paradise does not demand immediate realization of an outward state, material perfection; it requires a frame of mind, the forceful resolution to struggle powerfully toward and reach that outward state."

"Men never resolved on that, Margaret, it would be totally new. They weakly resolve to find an Eden in their feelings, and let the real world sway in its orbit of wretchedness. They all run away from perfecting the real world, some to heaven, some to India, some to the spell-bound shelter of their minds. It is a retreat of cowardice

and selfishness. My father's mistake was different from that, and natural to his time: he hunted an oasis in the turmoil and grime, but there can be no private elysium; an island arcady in the human maelstrom is the bitter fiction of a derisive dream."

"Your father was honest; he saw that in the life that rules, the commercial side of man cannot be refined; those on the border of commerce, in the professions, who make a truce with commerce without liking it, can only be half refined; on that side, or by that concession, man remains a brute if not a fiend. Most people flinch this certainty."

"Part saint and part tiger, but the saint part is usually like a bean on a pumpkin. The tiger element is the pumpkin."

"It can be reversed."

"Bernfield's acts toward you and your father in these past weeks shattered one of my idols irrevocably," Philip pursued. "I never thought the culture of the cultured deep, but I thought it honest, if thin. I learned that it is all dishonest. The cruel, coarse, mean things which they denounce in the poor, they hold themselves privileged to do against the poor. Their refinement is a lie which they believe from infinite assertion of it. They mistake the softness of their accents for a gloss on their natures. Schooling and breeding

are perhaps a furniture polish in this sense: smeared over the wood of a club they make it shine, but the wood is just as hard when it hits as if it had no polish."

"Pity them, Philip; the trouble is lack of brains more than of heart. Tiger plus saint in man equals hell, is the hardest proposition mortal ever sought to grasp; most are not yet far enough away from the gorilla mentally to master it. Simple as it is, not one in scores of thousands of civilized people has the fineness of brain to see that outrooting the tiger absolutely is the inviolate condition of man's happiness. When I talk of saint, of course I only mean the real human in us as distinct from the inward animal."

"How will you make them see it? There is no believing in the cultured, the life of the future is not to have its roots in them. They have had their chance, a tremendous chance, and failed; they have sold themselves to the devil for things that shine and taste. Feed them, speak them sweet, and house them well, and the enlightened yield themselves into flattered slavery to the Evil One—or the Evil Few. All who can use voice or pen employ their faculties competitively to prove that the cheapest way to heaven is by one of the Devil's tours. The course is roundabout, but you see interesting things, and its length gives our fertile

guide the opportunity to instruct. To get devilish discipline is the cultured theory of why we live."

"You are right," mused Margaret, "the educated and cultured are of no value as guides to a better earth. Shall I tell you what I have been dreaming about? What reason has The Amalgamated for longer existing and absorbing all our energies? A feud between our fathers created it, and now it has united us, healing the feud. We do not care for money, but if we keep on we must care for nothing but money. Yet The Amalgamated is a stupendous force, why not use it to create the better earth, and grow to our own destiny through it?"

"Will your father agree?"

"We must convince him. We can specialize the work: he shall go on expanding The Amalgamated, we will help him, but our part shall also be to apply it as an engine of social transformation, beginning within itself."

They went over every phase of the subject until the plan was shaped, then imparted it to Old Giles.

He listened inscrutably, missing nothing. "See if I comprehend you," said he, restating their thoughts.

"You propose for us to live on the plane of workmen, taking only as much as we give each of them from the business, in order to merit their confi-

dence; out of what is saved, however, by our giving up profits you would raise their pay. Living low wouldn't chafe you and me much, little girl, we did about that before we came over here; Philip might suffer. You would lay aside a General Improvement Fund, to be used for the good, happiness and evolution of the collective workers, the expenditure of which is to be decided by ourselves as owners for a time, afterward by us and such workers of both sexes as profit most by their new opportunities to develop broad ability and character, the number being increased by selection until all who show an honest purpose to advance are included.

"Ownership of The Amalgamated you would have no longer ours personally, but for the present vested in us as trustees. We are empowered to enlarge the board of trustees by choice of the best type of men and women among the workers. We, that is to say, the trustees, are to continue for a time in control of the business, determining the portion of labor, the Expansion Fund for new works and absorption of related industries, and the Improvement Fund. We should, however, initiate a system of conferences with the workers upon these questions, to obtain and educate their judgment and prepare them for advancing responsibility. Am I right so far?"

"Yes."

"Then of your scheme of recompense, which you do not affirm is permanent. All employes from highest to lowest are to be classed in five zones or grades. Advance from grade to grade will represent a growth in faithfulness and capacity. The compensation of the lowest zone will be liberal—unlike the principle of payment of simpler labor now—and many persons of the highest ability will be satisfied to remain on that plane; they will prefer to exercise their choicest strength in other than industrial fields, while earning in the lower walks of industry an ample competency and independence.

"You build upon the theory that a man is worth a great deal more than he can commercially produce—rather a new thought, to me, but I will listen to it. An iron worker, for instance, can do something wider for his fellow men than to stir a furnace or shape iron, and that often this is so much above commercial value that to think of paying for it in money or material product would be incongruous. Your desire is to bring out these new values in men and to make them paramount over pure industrial values, though you sanely perceive that they must rest upon a solid, independent material foundation. You would provide all men with sufficient income from

the simpler forms of work; secure in this, compelled neither to strain for their bread nor to cringe for a job or favor, their broader qualities and richer faculties would start forth, and so much more would these qualities soon be valued by society that commercial attributes would fall to an inferior place.

"For those still in the purely commercial stage, and you acknowledge there are many of these, you would provide industrial promotion for strictly industrial attainments. A vital principle is here installed. Those who desire more material things can have them by working for them. They produce them, in something their equivalent. It therefore essentially rests with every man how much he shall have, except that it must come from his own labor, not that of others. The zone gradation will quell an excessive desire of men to outdo one another from thoughtless emotional rivalry, and be productive of a sense of oneness and fraternal comradeship in work.

"You prefer in the beginning that as trustees we shall decide upon the workers' elevation from zone to zone, but gradually that function will be extended to the whole body, in consultation with us. The members of each zone will at intervals select from the zone below those whom they deem worthy of promotion, and we shall never interfere

with their choices without some strong unusual reason. Should men in any rank be found unworthy of advancement after receiving it, they may be returned to an inferior grade by the action of their own zone, but only so where they prove unwilling to exert their best powers. Have I grasped your plan?"

"In its main outline," answered Philip, "remembering that the plan is progressive. We adopt the system of grades in order to stimulate effort, but the occupants of the lowest circle are to receive enough for excellent living and the best development. Among both poor and rich at present are many who are not yet trained to the intelligent expenditure of too liberal an income. They would consume it in coarse luxury, hurting themselves and society. We believe that people have no right to waste the world's wealth; if they do so, it defrauds others of the power of wholesome enjoyment and growth. Society is bound to guard itself against the wastefulness of the selfish, degenerate and unevolved. Our method will rapidly diminish the number of such and render the control of their unsocial proclivities easy."

"At some future day when all are trained, would you believe in abolishing the zones and giving all an equal income?"

Margaret replied to this. "It will be for experi-

ence and those who come after us to determine that. We attain the end of equality in a great degree by our general improvement fund, of which the purpose is to build up means of enjoyment and improvement freely open to all without personal expenditure.

"There is here a limitless sphere. For instance, education and travel. We should bring every kind of education to the highest perfection, placing it in every one's reach without cost; and we should have a vacation travel fund to give each associate in The Amalgamated a liberal outing annually. Those wishing to save from their personal incomes to prolong their travels could do so, for they could always secure as long an absence for this purpose as they might desire. By these advantages the tastes and character of every individual would be widened and rounded into power and faultlessness.

"Travel is one of the leading forms of education as well as a principal pleasure of life. Education by books is a weak shadow of real education, which consists of seeing the things of the world rather than reading about them, of mingling with other peoples and learning their language and character by intercourse. Children will be educated by tours over the world, which will give them health and happiness, and an understanding of life. School-

room imprisonment will be much less fashionable when we arrive at our senses. Travel is now so easy and inexpensive in itself that as soon as capitalists are abolished, whose profits make it costly, it will become a universal recreation and enlightenment."

"If all were developed on your theory, do you think direction and ownership of everything might ultimately be delivered over to the people in full?" meditated Giles. "Do you say you don't envy our lot as chief owners of things, with its mountains of care?"

"It would progress naturally to that. There would immediately be the essence of general ownership, secured by repose of the property in us as trustees for all, but management would be extended to the rest gradually, because we desire them to be ready for it first. It would, however, completely come to them in time, as we shall explain hereafter.

"Meanwhile and transitionally our proposal is to present the entire Amalgamated in trust to the whole body of its employes, to be under the conduct of a company of trustees, somewhat resembling the constitution and direction of a university. At first this Board will comprise only ourselves, but as we discover men with the right faculties, men of large character, ideas and capacity—and

women also—we shall take them in. All this will be in preparation for a more finished method when our system of education and improvement shall have had time for fruition. Then, the board is to contain a certain number, to be replenished by the election of every other new member by vote of all The Amalgamated, the other half being selected by the board itself.

"This plan, after being operative for a term of years appointed by us, should be alterable by a majority vote of The Amalgamated membership to suit the results of new experience."

CHAPTER VIII.

GILES had been thinking vigorously during this exposition. "I admit that the adoption of this form of democratic ownership by all the great capitalist groups would solve the labor and capital question for the world," he said.

"It will have to be adopted by all when one group inaugurates it," declared Philip. "We have thought that side out, too. They will all be forced to follow suit for self-preservation, or we shall absorb them. We should drive them to it by the superior quality of our workmen, every one of whom would be a partner. We should invade their fields if necessary, undersell rivals in all markets, branch into further new trades, and while underselling them we should still be richer than they. The threat of such transaction would be enough, for our newly created productive strength would be before their eyes. Hear what M. Mabilleau, who is speaking in this country, says about French workingmen. They are superior to those in any other

country, he contends, 'because the French workingman feels that he is not merely a tool of the capitalist, but a necessity to him. From this belief arises a feeling of equality and the socialistic tendencies attributed to him. French workingmen take active interest in national and international affairs. When the University Extension Society in France instituted a course of free lectures, a few years ago, it was noticeable that the workingmen chose scientific courses on subjects of which they had previously been ignorant.'

"Now if a chance is opened to our working classes to gain more intelligence will they not seize it? And if the feeling of equality and necessity to the employer makes them superior, when they know that the equality is complete because they are all employers, self-employers, will they not become men of higher strength and stature in every respect? And will not their productive energy be formidably enlarged? Could competing groups, conducted by repressive capitalists still wringing out profit from their men, stand in opposition to this sudden volume of new productive strength?

"An irresistible force compelling other employers to capitulate would also be the action of their employes. Having witnessed our system in practice they would demand of their employing capi-

talists to follow our example and receive them into partnership. Upon refusal there would be endless costly strikes. If, defiant of these heavy losses, the owners should continue stubborn, the servants of one and another giant Trust would make overtures to us to enter their departments of manufacture, agreeing to bolt their masters and transfer themselves to us *en masse,* and to aid us with their labor in equipping a new system of plants of their kind. The old owners would be then obliged to yield or to sell their plants to us at a low figure, for they could not hope to obtain new men to serve them as employes. They would certainly yield and embrace our partnership form."

"Yes," urged Margaret, "and many would do so without waiting to be forced. The practical effectiveness of it, demonstrated by us, would convince them. The struggle between capital and labor is growing too strenuous for any man in his senses to enjoy, or to endure if he can help it."

"And you——"

"We should achieve a reconciliation of the great opposing tendencies, individualism and socialism. You can see that individualism has reached absurdity. If it goes on, the two sides—capital and labor—will compactly organize and meet in a supreme crash, after which who can tell what?

We can avert this by opening a new channel to humanity. It saves what is good in both socialism and individualism: it gives to all the entire results of their labor and removes masters; it furnishes the highest incentive to individual effort; it utilizes the best minds at their fullest, and the less gifted in their degree; but what the cautious will like most about it is this: it avoids turning society into a vast machine, making that unnecessary. Some people shiver with fear of a great social machine. They want reform, they yearn for absolute justice, but they dread anything so big and apparently mechanical. These will heartily enlist in our program, which reaches the end without bulk."

"Give me details," commanded Giles. "How would you evade the machine, Philip?"

"Each trust," rejoined Burson, "can organize itself as one of the partnerships described. Present trusts are not unwieldy in size nor unduly hard to manage, and their chief trouble is not in manufacturing but in the cutthroat hostility of other industrial groups. Let us say there are finally three hundred large trusts in the country, conducting essentially all of its business and constituting each great industry. We propose to change these trusts into industrial partnerships as described and to let them remain separate.

They will keep their autonomy. At many points they will touch and in some conflict, their interests will lap and intermingle. The questions thus arising will not be settled by merging the industrial groups or partnerships into one ownership or one stupendous partnership, but by a federation in which all will meet to adjust their relations.

"Economic differences can always be decided by a choice of methods: by industrial war, or arbitration. The enlightened will work out a just basis of arbitration. Organized equitable arbitration is *federation*. Of the questions arising, what profit each group shall have is crucial. The answer by general understanding will be, enough for the individuals in corresponding zones of all the groups to receive the same income for the same quantity of labor."

Philip paused and Margaret pursued the thought.

"What chance has individual initiative now? To form another Trust. Soon even that will be impossible, for all will have been blocked out and the owners of all capital, these Trust magnates, will have agreed to invade one another's territory no more—there will be no outsiders with the capital requisite to invade. It will be policy for the trusts to stop invading and competing, and mu-

tual slaughter to continue to do so. They will learn this lesson, as the owners of English railway systems—railway trusts—long ago learned it, who divided the territory and established a perpetual truce. Such a truce is division of the public for exploitation. Before the stage of truce is reached each trust will make incursions into the realms of other trusts to conquer a claim of possession. The crystallization of large trusts is like the formation of large empires, through the stronger overrunning and absorbing small states unable to protect themselves.

"To launch a new combine to-day the fresh initiator must gather capital from already rich men. Is he an able promoter he may enrich himself by the adventure—then there is one new rich man, just one. The investing capitalists of course are made richer still. The people stay where they were, only their producing capacity is yet farther mulcted by a new profit-taking aggregation. This is all the chance for initiative there is left. It is essentially none. But under the plan of popular partnerships each individual will have a wide, new scope. Not to become privately hugely rich, it is true—but that is a vulgar ambition indicating a twisted, miserable brain. He has a chance to exercise all his abilities, which is the grandest delight—or reward, if you will call it that—a man

can have. And he gets the whole material return for doing it, all he creates. He is not wanted in life merely as the operator of a narrow process of labor, but to display his prowess in any vital direction where his powers lead, because he will then be contributing most to those about him. And he will be developing and realizing himself. What greater reward is possible? What higher, richer life? One who only produces industrially is but one-fourth useful, he is but one-fourth human. When we liberate man from his servitude to mere industry we shall increase alike his work and his actual creativeness three-fourths."

"Unless a man is driven by necessity, he will not work," dryly ejaculated Giles.

"The highest stimulus to effort is freedom," cried Margaret with warmth. "Our policy secures freedom, freedom in true equality. Every man will be a full universe in himself, not a slave as he is now, nor an almost invisible particle in a colossal machine. All healthful incentive will be given him to act, originate and perform; the two greatest invitations, opportunity and appreciation, surround him. The two things he cannot do are —rob and rule others. He is inflexibly curbed there. Under guise of serving them he cannot be their despot and task-driver. Initiative is preserved, both for the partnership groups themselves

and for the individuals in them; you have society fluid instead of static and crystallized; the groups are free and fluid toward one another, leaving all opportunity for continual readjustment and growth, and there is no great dominant over-power to conduct, decide, or repress."

"But you have spoken of a federation of the industrial groups," interrogated Giles, "and what about the political state? Do you propose to abolish government?"

"Yes, there remains the political state, but shorn of its strength for evil without even the requisition of a constitutional amendment. Its evil power comes from the great private fortunes, and the fact that wealth can be won through manipulating legislation. With the wealth-creating forces organized into partnerships including all their workers, legislation will be stripped of its fatal potency. A large field of legislative activity will be permanently cut off. The state will be lessened in extent of work, but what it does will count for much more in depth and weight for public good.

"Most of the functions now performed by lawmakers would then be transferred to the group partnerships, or the federation of them. The office remaining to legislatures would be that of an authoritative body representing the entire people

irrespective of trade group affiliations, acting to make the popular will operative in affairs concerning all, standing above the trade groups and proceeding for the general good where these disagreed. But the legislative bodies would be subject to the immediate will of the people, exercised by the direct legislative principle. Political corruption would cease, for there would be nothing to feed it, all material profit being wrung out of politics. Political parties and machines would vanish, because legislatures would become homes of reasoning conference.

"The scientific congress is in many ways the model of a true legislative body. It seeks truth. A legislative body should. The latter seeks to establish lies, because there is a personal profit for some one in them. Personal profit will be drawn out of legislation by revising Trusts into industrial partnerships: then legislatures can discuss disinterestedly and seek honest reality and intelligence—there will be no motive for anything else.

"The directorate boards of trusts and corporations know better than to divide into political parties within themselves, nor do the faculties of great universities do so; they converse and determine questions amicably by reasoning. The political party is a barbarism. It lives over from the world's civil war days, the product of fierce selfish

antagonisms, in which men formerly fought and slaughtered. The drastic opposition of greedy interests was not healed when voting took precedence of fighting, but people wisely agreed to adjourn from the sanguinary civil battlefield to the wrangling legislative floor and fight it out bloodlessly there. They meant to get the better of and skin each other just as much, and they did. There grew political parties and their rancorousness. The next step in the proceedings of common sense will make for obliterating the desolating, foolish antagonisms of separate interests. Then will political parties die of uselessness. This will be the achievement of peopleized trusts, by making the interests of all broadly identical."

"But the federation," insisted Giles; "will not that be despotic?"

"Suppose a dozen of the great universities, concluding they could advance the cause of education more rationally by closer harmony and cooperation, should federate, erecting a tribunal to meet at times, for delegates of the affiliated bodies to confer upon the work of the universities separately and collectively. The recommendations of this tribunal would carry convincing weight in almost all instances without the exercise, or power of exercise, of the least authority or tyranny. Such would be the federation of industrial groups. The

private ownership by a cluster of the Great having departed, what motive would remain for antagonism among the groups? To seek to overreach one another would be pointless, for conflict would arise, ruinous to all; there would be the common retaliation, the rest attempting to punish and discipline the offenders. Labor bodies manifest that the workers when organized will not often combat to destroy one another's prosperity, even under the aggravations of capitalism; it is the capitalists who do this, and they also learn the folly of it and federate. When labor organizations fight it is but briefly, to reach a sounder relation of working union; and their warring is due not to their wills but to the social base on which they stand—mastery of all wealth-making machinery by the Great Few, who are at deadly strife with them. The partnership of all in owning, obliterating this savage condition of conflict between owner and not-owners, would establish a sentiment of firm comradeship among all the workers and all the groups. Thus the work of the federation would be easy. Yet, as we have said, it would be supplemented by the simplified and newly democratic general government, which, in case of indecision or vital difference among the groups, would intervene and decide."

CHAPTER IX.

"You have left a weight that would swamp your system were it every otherwise sound," asserted Giles. "The army of outsiders, the unemployed, irregularly employed, unwilling to be employed, and the crude foreign immigrants."

"That is all provided for," Philip answered him. "The Trust purpose, under the ownership of the few Great men, is to produce and give to the public the least they must for the greatest profit. Their object is not output, not general well-being, it is simply and narrowly: How can we giant owners cut the bulkiest gain out of society with the least return for it? The interest of society is clean, perpendicularly opposite to this. Its interest is first, to have the largest output, and then to spread it equitably through the social whole. It does not care a twig for the profit of the few Great, their profit is so much wrested from itself. The Great being removed, absorbed into society as equal co-partners like the rest, the interest of so-

ciety would supersede the interest of these regnant anti-society few; the good of each social unit would be the paramount, operative interest, and the whole aim, the execution and placement among these units of the largest product. These products would pass among the various industrial groups by exchange, and through society; the receipts of all from the social productiveness, each having the wished-for products, would be their profit—profit assuming a reasonable meaning: from being what a person gets beyond what he gives, becoming the quantity produced and received of things desired."

"But you say nothing of how the product is to be enlarged," criticised Giles.

"I am coming to that. Society has its idle and half employed to put to work, and its squadrons of drone rich uselessly living on interest, rent and so forth, uncreative, also to be given work. There are idle mills, closed lest their product should shrivel the Great Few's profits—denying the people that product: they can serve in these. There are prodigal aggregates of sleeping land, unused because the part of wealth apportioned to tillage by a profit-seeking industry does not repay tillage. The wealthy direct labor-application to luxuries for their pampered gayety, withdrawing it from raising strong food to nourish in hearty

development a strong mankind, and the industrial system vests in these wreckers of human strength the right to decide the case against entire mankind. Material and unused labor for building new factories are richly present, which would give work to more men and farther swell the aggregate for general distribution. All the newly employed would earn their own pay by creating it, as well as furnishing a surplus labor power and product to devote to the general good. It must be remembered how much more enthusiastically, intelligently and productively men would labor when conscious of being destined to enjoy the full fruitage of their efforts, than when paralyzed by the certainty which besets them now that the best and choicest resultants of their toil will go to the merry band of gilded owners.

"The creative power of society is to be added to we know not how many times by creative education. Productive training is being strictly denied the many from the niggardly opinion we have of a man's value. We care not what he is or amounts to, how little, if he can be done into capitalist profit. That profit is the size of his worth. Wherever we see a man's form working it is not a man in making, that human marionette is fabricating himself into a big man's gain. An education to make men industrially productive, banishing the

thought of somebody's profit out of them, would give present men several times their value."

Giles expresses his uncertainty anent the meaning of general good. That was in his line as a large employer of labor, who conferred good on all that worked for him by supporting them and letting them enrich him. What further general good could be wanted by any one was not evident.

Philip explained. "Works of general improvement would be numerous and would absorb much labor. Were there still unemployed, occupation could be found in this field. Such works take the form of general reward or income for all labor, since all individuals are directly bettered and enriched by them. The value of this fundamental investment is inestimable, for it will so change the nature of the community's life that each child born within it will find awaiting him a great heritage. The richest man, through what his private wealth can surround him with at present, has nothing compared with it. We have builded grievously few arrangements for pleasure, music, social intercourse; our communities are ugly and unhealthful, disease is indigenous and endemic; our educational institutions are grossly defective and only the lowest are accessible to the majority—we suffer the crudest dearth of really modern places of training; true art and literature have but the

slenderest encouragement; science of any but the commercial sort is feebly appreciated, and it is baldly notorious that the stomach-chefs of our consuming Rich are better rewarded than the scientists most useful to humanity; while invention is repressed by the selfishness of a profit-exacting capitalism.

"The reversal of all this would be a part of the work applied to general good. A child entering a community touched with intelligence would have a birthright that is possible to no child now. All are born in these days into a sordid and embittered society and suffer sorrow and injury from it to the end of their lives, though guarded by the most exclusive barriers of private wealth. The world can be actually excellent for none unless it is so for all, it can be made so only by the willing work of all. See how a man will toil for what he imagines will give him a complete return! Let him understand that the world is his and every man will exert his hugest efforts for it. The *Common*-wealth would then have a magnificent meaning. Citizens of Athens in her prime enjoyed a rich common-wealth in the form of her temples, art treasures, games and public activities, but the power of the modern world to surpass the Greek city incomparably transcends all past human capabilities."

"If you were to make so glad a situation—I don't say I think it glad, for gladness to me is the sense of owning the world and permitting mankind to occupy it for a tribute—foreign offscourings would swarm in and reduce things back to their natural state." Giles announced this as the soundest axiom.

"The present state is natural if brute principles exclusively are natural," they admitted, "but the higher human impulses are really more natural, because man is human. Immigration is a question with two sides. The most useful people in the world are the discontented. They are the most intelligent, for they see that things are out of joint, and they do the pioneer thinking and working for change. Stupid people think that society is all right. The better classes are generally stupid. It is the dull and mechanical intellects that get along in the world, because the majority of men, being dull and mechanical, promote their own kind. These promoted beings are called the safe people—that means they will shut their eyes and run in the ruts. If you inject a little imagination into a man he becomes unsafe, intelligence sprouts, and he sees the rottenness of the tree of human custom, he wants the tree of custom cut down, and a tree of life planted in its place: the stupid, who are parasites on the tree of decay, rise

in their wrath against his sacrilege, and if he puts an ax to the roots of that tree, woe unto him. The prosperous are generally stupid. The prosperous and the better classes are generally the same, and that is why they are both stupid. They are satisfied to get along without intelligence because they have bread. They very seldom do anything to help the world forward, their mission in the cosmos being evidently to keep things back. They are created as far as we can tell because there is danger of too much speed in improvement. Man cannot suffer enough in a thousand years, so the universe rubs it in and makes it a million. Evolution was timed to travel by stage-coach. This is the only explanation there is for the prevalence of stupidity, for as it is very prevalent we have to account for it. We have to explain why men were stupid when they might have been made bright.

"These facts throw a great deal of light on the immigration problem. When we see the prosperous coming we welcome them and say here come good citizens. We should say here come stupid citizens who will have no ideas about anything but monotony, and sliding in the measured ruts, and watering the tree of custom, and making money. They are contented. If Europe could ship over a mass of discontented to us, these would be good

citizens. They would bring some thoughts with them, which we sadly lack here. Their thoughts would be of a system of society founded on the general good; our thoughts are of a system of society founded on the general evil, for the general good of the Big Man. This idea is the fruit of the Tree of Custom—the Tree of Death. Civilization promised to dig down this tree, but it has manured it, with little-child factory workers, with frail women factory workers, with prostitutes for the balance of their bread after the Big Man has paid them dying wages, with the bodies of men early slain by work to berich the prosperous, with haggard eyes of the half-fed living who are tossing their vitals into the alembic of rich men's wealth. Civilization has slightly failed because it relied on the stupid and contented to conduct it. Now we are going to change conductors and substitute the intelligent and discontented. We find these among the poor. The offscourings of Europe bring their quota.

"We need not open to the insane. If we could revolutionize European oppression by repulsing the offscour and discontent, checking them at home until the fastened safety-valves break, it might be generous to prohibit all immigration. But the species we should barricade against is the prosperous. We are already dropsical with idolaters

of custom and wealth. The prosperous are steeped in the gross ambitions of the ages. We need pioneer blood; the blood of custom changers and wealth despisers, we need barbarians unsullied by the pomp of profit and the rave of trade. We need a blood mixed in the free courage of the sun, not paralytic with the poison of civilization. It is rather to be found in the depths than in the exhausted heights of mankind."

"You would hardly revolutionize Europe by padlocking its emigration," Giles said. "For our wealth emigrates to them with our daughters who marry decayed titled stock, propping up with American riches tottering mediæval institutions that ought to die. It plays back on us, too, mediævalizing our most rich and powerful smart class and their army of conscientious apers."

"That will be taken care of before long by our workers," they answered. "The American working man will step from under rotted foreign nobilities. The American revolution was a revolt against kings and nobles, yet the wealth of America, furnished by the American workingman, is now supporting them. When the working class see this they will find a means to end it. They are killing their children to send money abroad to these 'noblemen.' A New York physician has just said that 'there are 50,000 New York families, with three or

four children each, who have bedrooms without any windows in them,' and consumption ravages these families. Do not these working people owe their children more than they owe European lords and princes? The annual riches made and sent by our workers to one American girl's nobleman would probably pay the car fare of the bread earners of all these New York families back and forth from healthy homes in the country and save their lives. It is not only the wage class that is punished by this American crime: the physician fires a shaft into the well-to-do, telling them, 'Remember, it is no consolation to you that these people die. Before they die they infect you. Your servant or seamstress may have lived in the windowless rooms.'

"One of these days the workers of the United States will stop the outflow of their wealth to 'nobles' and invest it in sanitary homes for themselves. That will be soon."

"Now listen to me," said Giles. "I perceive no flaw in your plan. Whatever is good in individualism or personal freedom you have saved, and all that is valuable in socialism you have introduced. Your program preserves individual initiative completely; it lays the bugaboo of paternalism at rest. Your group idea, each group democratically self-managed, with ownership vested in the group, is a

masterful advance on the idea of general collective ownership, in fact I am compelled to confess it to be so different from the usual theories of popular ownership that it removes all the difficulties currently urged. You not only retain but vastly increase the scope of individual freedom and initiative. Instead of multiplying laws and enlarging government, you sharply diminish their field; and you make the *voluntary* principle supreme, while in your over-state you have a power to ensure this principle from self-destruction by excess. You have struck out the path which society *ought* to follow."

Giles paused and the two waited eagerly to hear him announce co-operation. He deliberated and Margaret sought further to impress him.

"We do secure essential general ownership, and ordain firmly the principle of general supremacy in all property affairs; for above the groups stands the federation, and over the federation, for emergencies stand the whole people in democratic authoritative union. The vesting of property in the groups is thus subordinated to the whole and the whole's good; but the greatest liberty of management compatible with the social primacy is left with the groups, which in their turn are internally most democratic. Our general ownership is unmechanical and individual, since the individual, in

every respect but the power to absorb and control to the detriment of others, has become industrially immensely more cogent. While this is the triumph of general ownership, the condition is one more individual in ownership than the present pseudo-individuality, which is on a tack that destroys true individual strength.

"What we accomplish is a change in the *quality* of individual ownership, not abolishing it. We place a higher principle above it, altering and elevating the individual principle, not destroying it. That we surmount with the general principle, general owning, so shaping and delimiting this that it enhances the individual element and sense. The individual then owns *through* the wider ownership; present partners and stock holders do so in a degree, but not as vitally. While the general ownership is paramount, the individual proprietorship in this general ownership, and through it, is well defined.

"Moreover, there will be fluidity of movement for the individual, equivalent to changing his investment. He can transfer himself from one line of work to another, in doing so transferring his partneral ownership, for wherever his work is, there by the new terms of industry he is owner. The primal fact under all is that ownership, while changeable, is inalienable.

"It is the extension of the principle of citizenship. The citizen of to-day is inalienable partner and owner in the public streets, the city hall, the court house, the jail, the public school, the post office, no matter if he hasn't a cent in his pocket or a job. The new step expands citizenship, makes him a partner-owner in industry, always owner of work, and of an income while he works, and of all results accruing from his work at any time. This is real citizenship. Anything less is mock citizenship, a fantastical shadow of it. Here is every incitement to work and improve. The chief present stimulus is to invest your money, do nothing, and let others make dividends for you. The chief aim in the world under our abortion of industry is *idleness.*

"In fact, we apply the principle of home rule to industry—home rule coupled with associative federation. I have heard socialism defined as 'a system which looks to an ideal of very strict positive government in every relation in life;' our system attains the socialist end, but by means of *self-government* applied to every relation in life; there is no great machine; there is no repression of the individual, the individual feels himself to be reaching out through the whole and is everywhere a vital guiding factor in it."

"That is excellent," conceded Giles.

"Note this especially: with our essential general ownership we have both the fact and the consciousness of individual ownership, the union of which is the modern problem. The individual is not bereft that all may own, his sense of personal owning is intensified by the enlargement of the content, or idea, of ownership and of what it brings him. He cannot be buncoed or deprived of his owning. Its returns are sure and great, but they visibly depend on his own and his partners' exertion and intelligence. Ownership gains a rational meaning. It ceases to be something accidental, which may be used by a fool's private whim to ruin others and lower all, therein reacting ruinously on the unbridled owner—it lifts the good use of ownership into a science and protects each and all from the fool. The world harbors many fools, and must, till fools are intelligently outbred from mankind."

"I like to hear you," Giles said appreciatively, "go on."

"I will say this in another way for emphasis. We propose the highest degree of individual ownership accordant with individual good, and with it provide a definite commercial stimulus to individual effort. Prosperity will follow intelligence and individual effort; and of each the most liberal contribution of intelligence is sought. Thus the *sense* of personal ownership is his, yet expanded

and freighted with robuster meaning. His part of responsibility does not fade away in an industrial machine of intangible magnitude, for he is equal co-partner in a group structure that can be grasped in thought. It is well known that even the numerous minor stockholders of large corporations feel a strong interest and even a sense of proprietorship in their management, while much more do active partners who share the work and responsibilities. Our system of elevating each into a partner assures the maximum sense of personal identity with the group work, of personal proprietorship as far as that is legitimate, accompanied by the feeling of an individual ownership in the further and special agencies that make for general welfare. Each is partial controller everywhere. He may rise to ever greater responsibilities in the industrial organism, yet as he grows in brain power he will not deem these burdens a prize, but will welcome the deepening intelligence of all his fellow partners, for then each will naturally assume larger responsibilities without strain, relieving the burdened few originally more competent. What greater measure of personal ownership could any intelligent being desire?"

Philip supported her approvingly. "It makes our present mode of absolute unit ownership appear not only foolishly selfish but grossly unintelligent.

Present individuals are personally poor contrasted with the rich resources that will be in command of each under this rational widening of his scope.

"Every one will of course have the unrestricted proprietorship of his income. He will enjoy the direct return of all his increased application and proficiency by adding to his private income, and by swelling the wealth applied to general embellishment of life, in everything pertaining to which, like the member of an opulent private club of to-day, he is equal participant with all. Not an atom of the product of his creation will be suctioned away by some other who creates nothing. For the man who supports himself in these days under lawless Privatism, is one who surrenders to others who have no right to it three times as much as he keeps—which is the tax claimed and extracted by a parasite system for the privilege of working."

CHAPTER X.

As they expanded their thoughts Giles comprehended that he was hearing something not to be overlooked. Whatever *he* might do such ideas would be influential, there was a serious choice before him and he recognized it. Capitalists had had a free fling, a grand fling, a supreme fling; everything had been for them, everything had been theirs; perhaps the world would come to its senses and turn a new page and haul them down. He would decide deliberately and abide the consequences.

"You were going to tell me the more perfect social form which you see ahead when the transition stage is past," he said. "I ought to hear that before I commit myself."

"It can be sketched now without difficulty," they answered. "It is possible in industry to know very accurately what each worker produces. Employers continually assert that they know the worth of each 'hand' to them, and they oppose collective bargaining and unions on the ground that they want to

bargain with men individually in order to give each what he is worth, no more and no less. This is declaring that they know the value of each relatively to the others. They do not pretend to give him what he produces, for their profit has to come out of that. But taking this profit and distributing it among the workers in addition to wages, in the proportion that the employers regard them to be worth, we should have approximately what each worker actually produces. Other principles are involved for complete accuracy.

"But the problem offers few difficulties when its solution is honestly undertaken. Where it seems complex, employers to gain advantage of the laborers are the cause of it, in order to make them believe they produce less than they do.

"Granting that what each worker produces can be fairly accurately determined, the question of remuneration or distribution of the products of industry is easily settled. Each can decide for himself the quantity of private material things that he desires and can adjust his labor to earn them. If he loves these things much and craves a large supply of them, he is at liberty to spend his time and energy producing the equivalent that will enable him to possess them. They will be the product of himself and he will be robbing nobody for all can do likewise if they desire. All he acquired

would be the result of his actual production, the frame-work of industry would preclude him from deriving anything unearned, by scheming.

"A limit, however, would be placed upon excess labor, upon that namely which should cause the worker to jeopardize his health and mental sanity, making him both an inferior citizen and a physical burden on others. Here he would be distinctly robbing others, requiring them to support him in feebleness brought on by material avarice; and he would be robbing them of their right to have in him a decent and worthy human associate. A man is a thief who destroys what is good in himself, depriving others of the companionship of this good. He gives them an evil thing to associate with in place of a good thing which he owes them. And it is the right and duty of society to protect itself against the self-injury of men, because this is the injury of all and a fraud and wrong upon all, and to see that its members are of an elevated type for its good. A man who abuses himself in a selfish pursuit is not in any sense the exclusive sufferer, he is a murderer of general happiness. The theory that society has no right to interfere with the individual overlooks this bearing of his conduct upon others.

"Society will therefore more and more act to require men to be self-protecting. A man is in a

manner insane who by excess of effort, ambition, or desire degrades his physical or mental health. Heretofore the social structure has spurred men to these species of insanity; a rational society will address itself to the cure and prevention of these manias, which will be placed in the category of destructive and costly infectious diseases like consumption. In slight but initial recognition of this principle in their sphere some colleges enforce a system of physical training and upbuilding.

"Likewise and for the same reason will society require of men self-evolution. To shirk this is a direct blow at the rest, robbing them of good they have a right to. A man does not live to himself alone; if he has latent talents which he refuses to develop he takes the joy and good they would produce, from every one else as well as himself. For example, one with a beautiful voice who should refuse to be trained to sing.

"In providing free schools for the young and compelling attendance society has taken a step to recognize its rights and its duty to itself. But there is no limit to this duty, for all men have manifold talents which the great majority are never able to exercise or improve at all for want of opportunity. Every man with a talent unimproved robs others as well as himself of it.

"Now, while constraint at some period may be

necessary for many children, it would be so for few grown men if opportunities were rightly provided. Men detest effort in what they dislike and are unsuited for, and when the best fruit of their labor goes to others.

"Up to a certain point—a very low one—society concerns itself, still ineffectually, with the good of its members and its own good. This is in the primary education of children. Then it changes its principle and authorizes a new force to rule everything: that is, the force of some private man's profit. Children who cannot pay the toll to him on all they eat, drink, wear, and use—those whose parents cannot pay this profit-toll for them, must stop their growth and go to work directly for this private-profit-taker, the capitalist. All grown up men's and women's first duty is to pay this toll. The evolution of their talent? Tush. *After* they pay this toll on life to some private man, if anything is left they may develop their talents.

"Here is social suicide. All society makes a Sahara of itself to fill the sty of this Private Man. Sty is the right word, for these private men serve others as the occupant of a sty does. Infinite talents are estopped, cut down.

"When the Private Man is removed the principle of favoring individual evolution, admitted regarding young children, will be extended to entire so-

ciety, for the whole period of every individual's life. This aim will stand as far above the Private Man's aims as it now stands below them.

"These primary outlines show where the limits will be placed by society to a man's liberty to expend himself on the production of material things for himself, and also indicate the many new influences that will save him from caring to go to excess in this direction. His many other faculties, now dormant, will be wakened, making a man of him and causing the pursuit of mere material things to be like shaking a rattle all his life.

"Within these limits, however, industry would be so gauged as to give a wide field of possible production for one to elect or discard; that is, one could choose to be a producer and therefore earner of much by giving his time to it, or could elect to reserve his forces for other things. His income would be essentially identical with his production, after deducting the sum for public uses.

"This provision would place each where his returns would be distinctly under his own control.

"So-called inferior or simple labor ranks above other work because there is expense in learning the 'higher' trades and professions. But ground for this rank vanishes when the learning of all trades and professions is opened to all without cost and when the learner can simultaneously be easily

earning a good living by a moderate daily period of some simple work. The problem of just remuneration or income is thus greatly simplified, for the element of payment for preparation disappears, and with it payment for what is called—largely erroneously—superior ability. Superior ability is most often merely opportunity and training. These being equalized, much of the reason for superior pay theoretically based on higher talent passes away.

"It is a fundamental truth, moreover, that all men need for pure reasons of physical health several daily hours of manual work of some kind. Granting that one can earn in these hours a good living by applying his needed exercise usefully to some form of production—thoroughly possible when industry is reorganized without profit-takers—a sound basis is secured for the independent evolution of every man in the line that his higher talents would dictate.

"The vast resources ready for the true earners when industry is reorganized without profit-takers will convince any candid person that these ideas are not fanciful. Review the profits of the Trust Companies of New York and Brooklyn as a type. The Central Trust Company pays an annual dividend of 80 per cent.; the Union, of 50 per cent.; the United States, of 50; the Farmers'

Loan and Trust, of 40; the New York Life Insurance and Trust, of 40; the New York Security and Trust, of 32; the Mercantile, of 30; the Morton, of 20; the Guarantee, of 20. 'Nearly every trust company that has been established for any length of time pays dividends ranging from 8 to 16 per cent.' 'The Central Trust Company has paid 60 per cent. annually since 1899, and for nine years prior to that paid 50 per cent. It paid 30 in 1890, 25 in 1888, and from 1878 to 1888 it paid dividends ranging from 6 to 16 per cent.'

"Thus it appears not only how huge the profits taken by the non-earners are, the profits of the monster Private Man for whom Evolution must stand still, but how rapidly concentration of capital is increasing the power of the non-producer to compel the people to stand and deliver profits. Eighty per cent. dividends mean that a man nearly doubles his capital annually. In a few years, at the past rate of increase, it will be 100 per cent.; then still more. And the meaning of all this is that commercial and industrial machinery is being daily perfected to enable creators of nothing to take increasing while already immeasurably prodigious totals of wealth annually from the real producers. The Fifth Avenue Bank equals the Central Trust Company in dividends—80 per cent.

"In the new form of industry ownership and management will belong permanently to the component members of the industrial groups, and that ownership will be equal. No one can be ousted from his equal share in proprietorship, and it is open to him, as above described, to resolve for himself how much of the product he will have. It will depend on his own application and work. Thus equality without a dead level is secured, the fullest impetus to effort is preserved, the highest opportunity for improvement is granted, and a new field, above mere drudgery, is opened for all in the realm of the use of their broader faculties, where the greatest stimulus, interest and attraction of life are. The members will conduct the management with the utmost democracy. Democracy cannot only be absolutely trusted, but it is the only thing to trust. All anti-democracy signifies that a self-constituted few seek a basis to exploit the many politically or materially, and the animus of political exploitation is always material exploitation."

"In this completer form your idea of the zones of payment would be discarded?" queried Giles.

"Probably so," they replied, "in order to emphasize individual effort and make returns tally with it. Advancement would be then determined by ability displayed.

"But to understand what will happen you must recognize the advent of a new principle:

"The new order of freedom will produce a new type of man. It will thereby change the relation of the individual to the industrial problem.

"The new type will come because industry must have him and cannot proceed without him; it will come because where he appears he will defeat and supersede the existing lower type.

"What will his characteristics be? Self-reliance, ability, capacity to judge and act without being told or directed, the power of *self-direction* without a superior. This is what the laborer of to-day will become in the close future.

"What evidence have we that he will? First, that we have only to give him the chance, and he does so; second, that he will take the chance if we do not give it to him.

"On the first point two proofs may be cited from army and navy experience. The battleship has become so complicated that its success in action depends upon the ability of subordinates to act without orders. Things have grown too large for official control, and demand the services of a new kind of unit—the *self*-controlled unit. The officer becomes more and more an ornament, a stuffed uniform, an interesting shade for laymen to drape in glory, while the real officers, the earners of

whatever glory there is in international murder, the real men, are those who man the guns, who work the machines. The officers might go to sleep while the men do the work.

"The Boer War is a revolutionary epoch in the annals of warfare and in some much more important annals. In that conflict the incapacity of the stuffed uniforms of the British was betrayed astoundingly, and because the privates had not been built into self-reliant units like the Boer, defeat gathered on defeat. The Boers showed what a *man* amounts to in war. He is more than guns or drums or uniforms or generals or hollow squares or full squares or even slight-of-leg drill circumvolutions under marionette ninnies with stripes on their sleeves and arrogance in their heads. The great lesson of this was that leadership in war is a back number. The thing that counts is the individual, and what counts in him is the amount of his independent capacity to have ideas of his own and to execute them. And it proved that all those objects we are wont to scorn as 'common men,' can think and act self-dependently when they have freedom to evolve. This discovery revolutionizes war and demolishes the pomp and bombast of all our army systems. They must begin all over, burn their martinet manuals, and what they must make

is men. Incidentally, it means the end of war, because *men* won't fight their brother men.

"The same discovery will be made in industry and the same revolution will follow. Intelligent men need no bosses and no captains of industry; they contain the whole in their own minds. The period of generalship in everything is passing away by the elevation of the people above the level of generals. Industry and the land, both Nature's capital, must be open fields into which this new type of able individuals may enter and create, free from the burden of the present form of private ownership.

"For private ownership is a burden. It ties the owners; it weights and shackles the non-owners. Under it a man can only become free by making himself a private owner, but he then instantly assumes another kind of slavery—the slavery to what he owns. *Associate ownership* delivers men from both slaveries. The freedom, independence and equality of ownership is then attained by all, its responsibilities and enslaving burdens are lifted from the individual to the association, which has a permanent life, while individuals composing it may come and go. The dog in the manger, private ownership, being removed, nothing will prevent every individual from the fullest industrial development he desires. Industry will become one

of the higher interests of mankind, pursued less for 'what there is in it' in the narrowly selfish sense than for its great human value and for the conquest of its unutterable magic. It will be followed as science is followed, with enthusiasm and love. The soul will be in it.

"The problem before society is to give each what he creates, while so providing for the needs of each as will bring the greatest development to all, and the fairest apportionment of happiness.

"To clarify this let us advance through the problem by stages. First, what would it be for each to have according to his deserts, under existent ideas of what one industrially produces? The idea of industrial justice is that he is to have the full quota of what he creates: if his deserts are industrial he will receive proportionate industrial return; if his deserts are in other fields than industrial he will be able to develop them, not caring for large industrial rewards, as being out of his line. Standing on the basis of a good living earned by the physical labor necessary for health, society gives him freedom and opportunity for developing what he likes, and thus he has his deserts. They are not material, but material profusion is not his desire; if it were, he could pursue it with the certainty of success. He selects otherwise.

"This is the position of one least favorably

placed—one whose chosen product is not sought and purchased by others. Instance a writer of very original books, or of those very necessary, but unwelcome to mankind; founders of new departures in art, science, music, or morality. Now the world starves them—and consequently, starves itself. With established competence from simple work, they would evolve their ideas and publish or create independently. One might choose to be an individual university, as Socrates was, and teach on the streets, a kind forever much needed, the real life-giving kind. In our mental anæmia we should call such demagogues.

"This depicts the lowest material condition men could be in, and it is essentially high. It would secure for the first time in the world true intellectual freedom. So-called freedom of mind without material independence of all men is a shadow. The equality at this stage comes from *each having what he wants,* what he elects, what he works for. The fact that he could have as much as any materially if he gave his efforts to that line destroys the basis of material pride.

"A second stage, which would represent the prevalent condition, greatly advances the material status of those whose special interest is not industrial, because the services and creations of these would be required and purchased in the works for

general embellishment and sought for by the specialists in industry.

"But the finality of this method of apportioning industrial income is shaken by the reflection that the electors of an industrial career do what they like quite as much as those who specialize outside of industry, while they obtain, besides this, a much larger material portion. Here we come to a profound error which corrupts all economic conclusions through and through. The gaining and so-called production of material wealth has been given a separate and unique position above every other activity; it has been made the standard and norm of every other value. Material wealth is not only made the standard of everything, but the getters of material wealth are made the dictators of everything. The avarice faculties have been ranked at the apex of all. This is an inversion of common sense, the exaltation of the wealth specialist has done unlimited evil. He has been given free scope in the material field, *as if material production were the only activity to which, by inseparable right, material return belonged.* It belongs just as inseparably to many other activities with which material creation is not directly bound. The wealth specialist has got entirely out of his proper place in the scheme of things.

"Mankind depends on material wealth for well

being, the material of the world belongs to it for this purpose, a multitude of the best diverse brains is required to determine the right application of nature's wealth for mankind's good. What is actually done? The whole material field is presented as a gratuity to the wealth specialists, men with a very narrow set of faculties, those by nature the most selfish, the least regardful of the good of mankind, and from absorption in acquisition the least able to judge the good of mankind—to these the material field entire is given to work up, exploit and possess, for themselves, leaving mankind shorn of its own like lambs and appointed to go nude.

"Whatever handfuls of fleece these specialists are moved to give to mankind for its good are received with groveling gratitude as a generosity—yet mankind was the first giver of everything they have to these specialists. They may waste everything; mankind must look on with its hands in its pockets. And as it usually happens from the nature of the case that these acquisitors are brainless and incapable in all other fields—if they were not they would not make acquisition their object—the deciding what causes and interests in the world shall be promoted with wealth is ceremoniously dedicated to the brainless and incapable. When it is a question of wealth to establish some move-

ment for the upbuilding of mankind the gauntlet of these wealth specialists, the brainless and incapable in questions of human good, has to be run to learn whether they will condescend to dole out money that upbuilding may proceed.

"The point is, that giving control of the wealth field and wealth to wealth specialists is a fundamental and egregious blunder. They are the last men to whom should be entrusted direction of the uses of wealth.

"This opens the broad question: What does the so-called wealth producer acting in society upon productive nature (land and machinery) really produce? In the ultimate analysis what each creates is determined by the conditions that society wills he may create in. There is nothing *naturally* established in this sphere. Hence a man can claim nothing as produced by him by appealing to nature. In olden time 'natural' was what he could obtain by hunting and fishing, then by agriculture with land plenteous, then in a shop as owner of his own machinery: it is variable, there is nothing natural, permanent, inherent about it, society fixes the conditions. So there are no natural rights. And yet there is one thing that is natural, and that is the supreme thing. It is intelligence. What the highest intelligence dictates is natural. Hence, in this supreme sense,

there are natural rights. Clearly, they vary and advance, because intelligence grows.

"Contemplate the absurdity of the most basic ideas of personal production. The simple worker, the cleaner of a ditch, is ranked as least productive and is least paid, and yet this is most creative and productive work. Shakespeare died at fifty-three from the filth of the town. Years of brilliant creativeness were ahead of him. Had Goethe died at fifty-three, what would he have left comparatively? The men who had kept the town clean for Shakespeare and preserved him to his eightieth year would have produced and given the world a second Shakespeare. How many great minds have been lost young from the world's filth there is no estimating. Whoever had kept the world clean and saved those minds had been joint givers of them to the world and joint producers of the works of their genius. Yet in the midnight sightlessness of political economy mere cleaners rank among the least productive. Which properly 'earn' the great pay, those who fit up the world and keep it in repair that the genius may serenely exercise a free gift from above? Or the genius himself? Or all equally? This question upsets customary economics.

"The conclusion is that both by right and nature the ultimate fixing of values belongs to society, and

the rules upon which it will resolve will be determined by its intelligent well being. It will arrange the returns of effort so that within large limits what a man gains will depend on his own exertions; it will formulate the principles of production that are fairest, and a man will have within these principles what he produces: but it will apportion rewards in all other lines than mere material production, in accordance with the large equitable principles of social well-being, no longer permitting the production of material things to be the supreme standard and arbiter of human activities and destinies."

CHAPTER XI.

GILES now declared himself. "While I perceive that your measures would solve the labor and capital problem most equitably, I don't want it solved that way.

"I am a capitalist. I own things. I own them absolutely. It's nature's law. The highest law is—Those without property have no rights. We throw them empty sentiments and crusts and spout of their rights: that is the art of keeping them slaves. Call them free slaves, the hollow word free reconciles them to the leaden reality of slavery. I have convictions, I'm a capitalist from principle. Capitalists are a part of the grand order of nature. Nature is unalterable, and so are capitalists. I didn't have that opinion when I set out in life, but Je-hu! I've learned a mighty lot about the bowels of everything except mercies since that time. There's nothing like making money to teach you the laws of the universe. I'm a benefactor. I'm guardian of the poor devils that work for me,

and are not fit to be guardians of themselves. Fancy me in partnership with the simple clowns I have to command as a general over privates! Could everybody in an army be general? Didn't society encourage me to become a general? And now it shall stand it; I say it's its duty to stand it."

"The military organization of industry, with its bespangled commanders and insignificant privates, is the very thing that will not let mankind grow," ventured Margaret. "All the growth goes to the commanders, who develop atwist, into popes and czars of power and irresponsibility. The industrial world is governed by court martial. It was ridiculous for industry to have borrowed the military form of organization, when the army type of things is everywhere a millstone to be cast off."

"What society gave, it can't take away," testily responded Giles. "It gave me the right to stand on men! What should I live for if I couldn't do that? I love rule, I want power, and am going to keep it. If they try to snatch it from me, I'll fight for it. Money will go a long way in a fight. Man was made to sell himself; only fanatics haven't a price. Buying men's souls and ruling their bodies is the capitalist nature, as society created it. What do I care for mankind? Just what mankind cared for me when it let me loose, a

happy, unformed boy full of trust and love, among the cruel social forces, to tame them under me or go down to hell. Where's my happiness? I went down to hell, but by my own might I came back, and brought hell with me. I won hell in a fair fight, and I consider society in solemn compact with me to permit me to operate this hell against it while I live. I don't care what happens when I'm dead; no capitalist does. What's more, society can't help it; we commanders who were its creatures are now society's masters; we're too strong for it."

"If this were accepted, and I admit it is the capitalist's position, there never could be a single inch of progress, for each generation would have its new capitalist generals, demanding, as you do, to be let alone," said Philip, mournfully.

"Capitalists do not care for the progress of the world," answered Giles. "We care to own and rule the world. They are like me, though perhaps for reasons of policy they deny it and pretend to philanthropic affection for the convocation of dummies they operate with. I can tell you that men who are eaten with the passion to absorb everything can't love the world. Their appetite is to swallow it. I suppose I shock you, but you ought to be thankful for my unusual honesty; others lie about it. I *can't* change; life has set my nature to stone."

The colloquy ended seemingly in hopeless entanglement. It left Margaret disappointed and unhappy, signaling to her the premature descent of Giles into age. The early petrefaction of business men's minds was a familiar phenomenon, and she was accustomed to the unpleasant sight of capitalists aged in every attribute but years. The forces of a money-maker's brain flow in the one channel of acquisition, where they wear a deep abyss; when the fissure is cut there is no future changing, the brain is dead to alteration or advancement. The mind is drained of sap intended for a variety of faculties, all of it passing into one, and outside of a monsteroid faculty the man is a dry pod. The spreading rot, of course, includes love. Margaret had not foreseen that Giles might yield to this malady of rich men; she had fondly thought, as those who love do, that there was a difference between her father and the sordid rabble of rich men, so that although he might do the same things outwardly, his soul was lifted above them. It is the natural illusion of love. Some wives and some daughters never awake from it. There is a life-long halo about the rascal who fills their pockets with spending money. Margaret was awakening. The suspicion that her loved comrade was identical with the wretched crowd of money-makers whom she read accurately and thor-

oughly despised, was the hardest blow that she had sustained in life.

Neither was Giles happy. The nearness of an intellectual parting with the single person he loved pierced him with sharp questionings. Were they to fall asunder in life and feeling? He asked himself this with terror in the thought. Is it impossible for one generation to understand another? Old Giles took counsel with himself and planned his way. Margaret and Philip, in the exaltation and half-sighted kittenishness of love, had been dallying with wrong ideas, and he must correct them. They must be coached to detect their folly with their own eyes to be convinced. Giles intensely believed in the soundness of his own perceptions on life, but young folks are skittish, and can't be driven up to common sense; give them space and they will run themselves into ripeness and regularity. Plenty of money to throw away, the insidious drug of luxury, and a few smart knocks from ungrateful labor never failed; he had seen thousands of verdant young enthusiasts forsake their reformatory ardors to become as set and feelingless in their capitalist qualities as himself. Association with success is the best antidote for soul.

Giles therefore revised his tactics and summoned another council of The Amalgamated.

"I believe all I said the other day," he began, "I don't go back on any of it, but I didn't take account that you must learn by your own experience, not mine. I'll tell you where you're all at sea, and then you may go to work as you will and find out if I'm wrong or right. It's in your idea of the workingman. I know him, root and stomach, core and husk—mostly husk. I have nothing against him except that he is a fool—and I don't lay that up, for I make my living out of it. Rely on that in all circumstances, and you'll never be disappointed in him. Learning it is the gall a generous young employer has to drink. Perhaps learning it does make a beast of the employer, I'll not say, but if it does it's a beast from a cause. God made the world; he made workingmen what they are, and is responsible.

"Look at the laboring man, look at him! He belongs to the kingdom of dupes and mollusks, and prefers to. He doesn't have to be a cart-horse for his own kind, does he? Isn't he from five to twenty-five thousand to one against his employer? Talk of emancipating workingmen from capitalists sounds like emancipating elephants from mice. Only, the workingman hasn't brains, and so ought to be where he is. Burden-bearing cattle they are, and will be. You couldn't induce him to be anything else. Try it. Can't he think? Can't he

plan? Can't he vote? Can't he use the plain means staring him in the nose? Offer him freedom, equality, owning co-partnership complete and gratis without a helping act of his—he would refuse; if you urged him to take the gift, look out, he would probably kill you for a meddling enemy. Why should I force my property on these unwilling, thankless scoundrels?"

"Because it is theirs, and men with your ideas have made them what they are."

"I know a better way to make them happy. Insult them one day and speak to them friendly by their first names the next, salting your goodness with a slap on the back now and then. They like it better than salary, it goes further—and it's cheap. 'There's the fine master for you,' they chirp in their shop slang; 'he's strong, no fooling with him, he will have his own way.' And they worship me! They respect me for abusing them! I make them feel my heavy tread on their spines all the time, and the least passing let-up sets them to cheering with gratitude. With fear and flattery I hold them in a great spell. I cut their wages and ask a party of their *leaders* to dinner with me. The rank and file growl, but say, 'He's a d——d good chap anyhow, not too proud to invite Patrick and James to sit at the table with him,' and the cut stands good till I make another one. Work-

ing-class leaders are hoppingly moved by politeness from their masters, and through them you can drag the whole working mass into any hole where you want it."

"Do you mean that their leaders are treacherous?"

"Why use that unsavory word? Who can read a man's heart? I read their acts. What I know is that they are weak, childishly, pitifully, dotingly weak, and dreadfully impressed by anything coming down from a higher class. They squirm under contempt, at being 'looked down on,' and if you lubricate their feelings with a little grease of respect from above, the honor gives them a positive trance; they are yours. Also use their cupidity for small political offices, which raise them a couple of pegs above their mates, and your hook is in their gills. They dance to your whistle as the filings follow a magnet. But they are shrewd enough not to let their supporters understand the trick, and it is dead easy to keep them blind. They say to their labor constituency: 'Labor is being recognized, see what a power it is getting to be! You have forced your enemies to give *your representatives* political places, where they (we) can guard your interests.' These fellows know that their pull with me depends on their followers being kept hoodwinked to the truth. It isn't

treachery that prompts them, it is just sheer weakness. The minions haven't quite the brains required to see that they keep themselves down with their class by their selfish conduct, and their simple-minded class wouldn't understand it either. Almost any one of them promoted to office would do the same thing."

"That is no apology for your letting them do it and profiting by their obtuseness. There is no extenuation for capitalists playing on all the feebleness of the toilers to hold them servile."

"Industry would stop if we didn't," asserted Giles. "Not a wheel would turn, anarchy and chaos would reign."

"There must be intelligent unselfish men among them."

"There are, but they are helpless against the crowd, which whoops after the small-witted or unprincipled posing manipulator. Convinced of the folly and childishness of their class they have given up trying. Sick at heart some of them turn cynics, stand in with their employers and scheme for promotion out of their class."

"That is base."

Giles elevated his shoulders. "It is this baseness that saves capitalism. If brains stayed with the workers we should be soon ousted. I was a part of working-class brains, but like the rest I left."

"If they learn to stay?"

"We'll offer larger bribes and pull them out."

"One word about the labor leaders as I have observed them," said Margaret. "It is true they are largely a haphazard selection and that, as with politicians, self-interest is a considerable motive with them. As their chief weakness I should place my finger on their uninstructedness. They are most of them men of narrow ideas; they have not read or thought on social problems or studied the question of improving the structure of society; they are constantly immersed in petty labor tangles of an immediate nature. Hence they lack breadth of mind and do nothing to cultivate it. In large economics they are as little versed and as little interested as the average retail storekeeper, which is the gravest charge of ignorance that could be brought against a class. It is notorious that the retail storekeeper would rather do anything but think. I asked a successful strike leader if he did not think the capitalist class must go. He lifted his shoulders as much as to say that question was wholly out of his beat, and replied, 'That is a long way off.' Labor leaders being men without intellectual outlook, or courage to face large principles of change, are easily wheedled by men of the other class with instructed and unprincipled minds.

"But I wanted to ask you this: If the masses should go into politics as united workingmen against the clan of owners—as Socialists—what then?"

"They will not. Politics is our strongest hold. We can buy out their staunchest leaders there, piously and through a hedge fence of course."

"It has not happened so abroad."

"For a simple reason, always overlooked," answered Giles. "Mark what I say. There brains can not rise even as here, social caste is too bony and frigid, hence the chief career for subclass brains is to stay with their own people; with us a bottom class man believes he can attain anything because his grandfather could; anything but ancestors, and those he can buy with his daughter. In politics the commonest runt can rise in a certain way. The sweets of political power and resulting material grandeur will always be too much for the demagogic men in whom the masses ever confide. They will go over to the rich enemy in their hearts. In the real men of high type the masses never confide, it is not man's way. The gross put up their own gross sort to represent and defend them. A taste of political power curdles the good in any nature. Look at our statesmen! The whole political system is wrong for popular

emancipation, and its ingenious abortiveness is the Gibraltar of our capitalist class."

"But the masses can change the political system."

"Not a bit of danger, they are too thirsty for political success. They *can* change it, yes, but why *haven't* they? They won't. Won't is the worst form of can't. They can't even get a senator elected by the people's direct vote. *After* political success, they say, we will fumigate the stables and purify and regenerate the polluted political system. It will be then too late, for having won in by evil methods and eaten the sop of sin their power-drunk leaders will not permit it. And it is a question how much radicalism and reconstruction they will see good to permit, too. Socialists are not straining much to reduce the political leader from his inflated eminence, and certainly not to eradicate the party spirit which preserves the most potent modern slavery; they are building up a party machine and a party instinct quite as rigid and terrible as any we ever had, and with that we shall defeat them. We shall point out the tyranny of their political methods to the working classes, and inquire if they wish to commit industry and their whole lives to such tyrants. That will cause their downfall, because the enlightened world is getting sicker and sicker of

parties and party tyranny. And you must have observed the Socialist tendency to raise up leaders, advertise them, and having clapped the coat of committee-made distinction on them, to defer to and follow them as if they wore a heaven-formed halo. Make a rag-baby hero with your own hands, idolize it, then call on the population to obey it, or call down damnation on the population. The early Jews loved this ceremony when they manufactured kings to walk on them."

"The working people can be taught that the political party is inevitably an institution of despotism and slavery."

"Try it. Their leaders have learned their answer already. They will say that organization is needed to fight organization, that old parties are rigidly organized; so must Socialists be. What would you answer them?"

"I would answer that Socialists must teach themselves that their political party is but a temporary and exceedingly dangerous instrument; that the people are always betrayed by political leaders, the exception being too rare to notice; that reformers or Socialists placed in political leadership are just as little able to bear the strain as other men, because the position confers powers and authority on them that no men ought to have; that the party rank and file must be sharply watchful

to keep its officers in the relation of servants or agents to do what they are told by the membership, and not to take things into their own hands and direct the party; that the spirit of action and initiation must be strongly fostered in each individual, repudiating the idea that it is only for officials and leaders to be initiators. For in parties the leaders hold the position of capitalist employers, and develop the capitalist character. They lift themselves to the front and hold it to be their divine right to run things. Just as the capitalist is to be obliterated, the guiding politician is to be expunged. Industrial guidance is to come from the rank and file as equals; political guidance must come from them likewise; and it is glaringly inconsistent to build up a party of progress that is not composed of equal co-partners, but has the capitalist model of leadership and boss-ship. The rank and file will learn this, perhaps after some hard bumps, and will erect themselves as party privates into movers and managers, and reduce the officers, committees and machine organizations to clerks and transacters of orders."

"Very good," said Giles, "but the rank and file will need about five hundred more years of punishment before they can brighten up to bridle their would-be leaders and representatives in that way, and by then they may have learned to lead them-

selves without leaders. Mankind's dearest weakness is its trust of leaders, but that is in the grain."

"The plan we have presented to you does away with leaders at once, and with the need of relying on effete political processes for social progress—and therefore capitalists ought to favor it," declared Margaret. "It permits capitalists for once to be surpassing initiators and to introduce a new note into human affairs. Instead of leaving force to arbitrate the destiny of mankind they can call in intelligence. Must force and hatred always pioneer the great changes? Why, the monstrous capitalists to-day have the privilege of inaugurating the system of equal partnerships and taking the ordering of revolutionary events away from control of stupid, blundering, selfish politics. What a chance! They thirst for renown, they will make their names famous to the end of time. Theirs is the grandest opportunity for human good ever given to men. Their voluntary act will finish the Age of Hate and mark the chief era of human history. It will carry the race over the great abyss, accomplishing man's graduation from the brute into full humanhood.

"And see how mortally blind and fanatical these owners will be if they reject the privilege! For, using the rough tool politics in the rough selfish way, the people will shear them of power

and property anyway. The announcement of this doom is flaming on the wall. Then they who in selfishness and blindness blocked the world will be remembered only to be despised. Their lot will be embittered while they live, for as opponents of humanity's good they cannot be loved; the change they might render so easy will be painful and hard; and if in angry obstinacy they resist, they may bring on war and revolution with their scorching trail of universal misfortunes, their reactions and retardations. And the social resultant of either politics or war is likely to be inferior to what can be naturally established by the capitalists themselves through equal partnerships."

Giles laughed. "Capitalists are not seeking an opportunity to be good. Kings only abbreviate themselves when they are taken by the neck and made to, and capitalists are like them. When the people grant despotic strength to individuals they will never get it back except by taking it back. However, I was going to propose something. I want to convince you that the laborers are not worth your interest in them. If you can win in a fair contest and bring the people we employ over to your side I will yield. You can do what you please to convert them, but it mustn't be known that you're doing it, for then they would all flock after you as their proprietors. I will defeat you by

using the measures that every employer applies when necessary. Will you be satisfied with this test?"

"We can at least make the test," they consented.

Philip and Margaret began the tournament by looking for some one to organize their projects and introduce their ideas to the public. Philip searched the universities in vain for such a person. There were numberless trained men, but none who had modern ideas. Several were capable of telling what Tiberius Gracchus had done in an emergency, but they thought that popular complaints had deceased with Rome. While the historians could give the dates of all human improvements beginning with the Stone Age, they looked upon one who believed in further improvements as a marvel if not a threatening monstrosity. The economists told Philip that the one unpleasant thing in society was friction, which they were rapidly thinking away, and they implored him not to cause more of it by counter reflections and postpone perfection just as they were about to seize it in theory.

One was at length found in the obscure person of Horace Gray, who had given himself an independent education by working at proof-reading in the nights and had then gathered a cluster of accordant spirits. The result of Gray's engagement was an Economic School for the People in the

centre of Steel Haven, to teach them popular rights. Where the money came from remained to the population a guess; it plainly took money and was therefore respected. Most of the mill people had never heard that such vigorous doctrines were thought and they trembled at the vengeance of Old Giles when that Jupiter should learn of their being preached in the very shadow of his smoke-stacks.

CHAPTER XII.

It had never been known that Giles was interested in religion, but now he became devotedly so. He provided funds for an Iron Works Y. M. C. A. Temple to improve the men spiritually. He called together the dispensers of the gospel of all creeds and shook their hands warmly. This for an avowed atheist was a sign of softening which moved the good men.

"Gentlemen," he said, "churches all have debts, debts are a function of religion, what can I do for you?"

Each named the amount of his religious liabilities and received a check to cancel them.

Said Giles, "There are heresies and evil teachings springing up to grapple with truth in our midst; none are so well armed as yourselves to throttle these deadly speculations. If neglected they may undermine your influence and cost you many contributing converts. The mission of the church is to console men for the poverty thrust

upon them by capitalists. Capitalists are therefore the holy pillar of the population's faith. Justice is the deadliest enemy of your salaries. Religion has for its cornerstone the misery of mankind and would perish if men were happy. When you need funds call on me."

Nevertheless the Economic School fretted Giles. He had his spotters out to learn its frequenters, and gave the foremen a tip to trump up reasons for ordering them to do better work or expect discharge. Attendance on the school speedily dwindled, especially of men with families.

Giles also introduced a system of old age pensions. When a workman arrived at the age of sixty after working consecutively forty years for The Amalgamated without striking or other misdemeanors, he was to receive thirty cents a day for the balance of his life, to be drawn from a sum of which he had contributed half during the forty active years. Should he die before sixty his life contributions were to divert to a sinking fund whose interest would eventually pay other workmen's accident insurance bills.

Upon a couple of valuable devices Giles centred lively hopes. These were profit-sharing and the issuance of employés' stock. Into one of his clusters of mills using twenty-five thousand men the trade union had wedged itself, and Giles resolved to ex-

pel it. The men were notified that all deserters from the organization would receive five per cent. of the annual profits of their branch of the work, the distribution to be made proportionately to their current wages or salaries. It was singular how quickly and magically the plan prevailed, instantly shattering the spine of the union.

The stock issue system was introduced in the remainder of the works under the ægis of The Amalgamated Fish, Ship, Iron, Transportation, Coal and Steel Company, which were located in Steel Haven and various other industrial foci. The employés falling within this benevolence counted one hundred and sixty thousand. To these sufficient stock in The Amalgamated was to be sold to net them profits as follows: Whenever the profits of the company reached $80,400,000 for the year, $400,000 should be distributed to the workers as their dividends; that is, when Giles received $80,000,000 income above his salary, each servant of the company should have two dollars and fifty cents over his regular annual pay. Giles thought this very handsome. He put eighty million dollars in his pocket and his men distributed four hundred thousand dollars among a hundred and sixty-two thousand pockets. The right to purchase stock, however, which was rigidly limited, was so apportioned among the employés

that the higher or salaried ones could secure more while the wage-paid were restricted to less—with the consequence that when Giles' bonus touched $80,000,000 the average laborer's extra would be from fifty cents to one dollar.

The resourceful Giles regarded this scheme, an emanation entirely from his own brain under fear of what industrial radicalism might do unless checked, as a master invention. The workmen would now realize that they were capitalists and feel capitalistic, which would stop their ears to the agitator and demagogue. They would see a big future ahead and work for it with strenuous intensity. For if they could double Giles' profit to $160,000,000 annually, the profits of each of them would be doubled—from one to two dollars, or from ten to twenty; while to even further inflame their avarice Giles made another most liberal concession, providing that as often as they doubled his income their reward should be half greater on the second, third and fourth eighty millions of his profits than on the first—meaning that upon the second eighty million, 600,000 instead of 400,000 dollars should be for their distributive share.

Giles wisely computed that these generous measures would operate on the men ideally. Psychology was a great factor in his assets. The measures would induce in them a sense of owner-

ship in the whole concern; strikes would necessarily cease; feeling themselves responsible partners they would thenceforth reanimate their energies, save waste, curtail expenses and toil like demons—adding innumerable millions to the profits of The Amalgamated, for which The Amalgamated would pay them at the rate of about seven thousand dollars for each million.

Having adopted this frugal speculation Giles no longer feared ideas or revolutionary inroads. If incendiaries should declaim to his men in favor of taking their own, he would only need to explain that if they should rob him of his eighty or a hundred and sixty million dollars' profits, they would cruelly rob themselves of from fifty cents to twenty dollars' annual profits each. His sorrow would be small for himself compared with what he would feel for them. He would show them that $80,000,000 distributed equally among one hundred and sixty thousand of them would add to their incomes only a paltry $500 each, that $160,000,000 divided would give them but $1,000 more, sums so insignificant as not to be worth the trouble of division, so that it was better for him to keep it all. He could make a healthier use of it than they, who would probably squander it on uselessly educating their children and other foolish additions to their happiness, such as plain people in a land

of simplicity and democratic equality had no right to expect.

If there were any unreasoning fire-heads among them who preferred a profit of a thousand a year to one dollar, they would be restrained by the sane discretion of those abler men enriched by the larger blocks of stock. The salaried and high-wage contingent Giles cherished as his strongest bulwark. They made his cause their religion, as if they were individually the beneficiaries, and not he, of the hundred and sixty millions of annual gain. Giles probed his own heart to find why they did this and was baffled. Many of these officers of his mercenary army could not afford domestic help, with their incomes; their too soon faded child-worn wives were sorry pictures of bloodless womanhood. Yet each wife possessed some jewels and at least one costly gown to wear at the houses of Giles' best salaried subordinates—the envied aristocracy of their world—whose social recognition, though lean in quality, was the spiritual bread of life to the strivers of lesser rank.

The meagre gems and glittering gowns of these weary wives caused the husbands to be zealous policemen over the obedience and contentment of the wage population. Few of these salaried officers were healthy. Giles found it profitable to keep them in a good deal of care about the future

—doubt on the subject of a living stimulated zeal —and to absorb a little more than their daily vitality into The Amalgamated. If, besides exhausting themselves for him, there were any addicted to the vice of reflection, they would sooner break and become harmless. But few of his host used their brains for anything but the enrichment of Giles.

A group of highest wage-men Giles called his Imperial Guard. They were his, soul and body; noble trusty fellows who never asked why he wanted a thing done, but did it. His will was their morality. He was the core and circumference of their religion. When Giles rose on them it was light, when he frowned it was their night. It was a chosen company that included his foremen, sub-foremen and corporal-bosses. They could smell depravity across a precinct. Unless the air they lived in was tainted with trickery they drooped. They combined with their animal fidelity the highly technical qualities of the political grafter for whom we build city halls. They were in fact the men who did politics for The Amalgamated—they voted the body of Giles' workmen for him. Some of their pay was understood to be earned by this political service.

Giles maintained that he morally owned the vote of all his men. He supported them, and ex-

pected whatever financial value they had in them; their votes were a value. Through their franchises and his huge wealth Giles was a formidable factor in State and National politics, being able to hold up either party for policies that swelled the deluge of his earnings. The Senate never voted on a weighty measure without waiting for his private tip. His argument for political proprietorship of his servants was that he fed them to be useful, he wouldn't keep them alive to injure him, and if they voted against his interests they would injure him. It would be their suicide too, for his and their interests were identical. A workingman who should use the ballot for a selfish purpose of his own could not eat *his* bread.

Giles' political-industrial lieutenants knew how every chick in The Amalgamated political incubator voted, for there were no secrets in the Australian ballot beyond their reading; if one voted "wrong" he was soon on the road chasing a new job, and these were days when in spite of the glittering prosperity celebrated by Giles new jobs were hard to catch. The members of the Imperial Guard received from two to four dollars a day, for which they unfailingly delivered the goods; in these times of population and liberal education the best mechanic and subaltern political brains are not dear. It was one of Giles' perennial amuse-

ments, watching the spell exercised on his hundreds of thousands of manufacturing menials by his faithful company, the Guards. They were the watch dogs of the sheep, serving him for a bone—but watch dogs minus teeth. If the lambs had revolted the dogs had been helpless, but the charm was that the multitude of lambs never took the disease of revolt.

If we must say it, Giles had them inoculated with a powerful anti-insurrection toxin. It had been his way for a long time to swing about from place to place in his industrial domains on Sunday mornings to give a semi-preachment to a series of Sabbath classes, when he showed his men their opportunities and resuscitated their ambitions. His speeches were of this order:

"I am one who rose from nothing, you can all do it. There are still industries to combine and the chance is free. Be industrious and seize the opportunity. Would you permit yourselves to be robbed of these glorious possibilities? Save your money and start a Trust. Cling fast to the system of your forefathers, for there are lying agitators abroad, without a capital to anything but their names, ready to snatch these opportunities from you. It is just for those who form the consolidations to own the consolidations through the life of mankind, and even then their posterity will

have been badly paid. We cheapen prices—you can never pay men enough for cheapening prices.

"When a few successful and virtuous citizens have parcelled out the wealth-making agencies of this brief existence to themselves, the glorious opportunities for humble men to rise will be greater than ever. Certain high places will be out of the market, for your good, restricting by so much the field of covetousness and the danger of sin. The Maker uses consolidations to advance holiness. As you grow holier you do not care to be a chief of this world. It will be stimulus enough for the holy to work for chiefs. Consider the honor of becoming prime ministers of owners when the owners are as great as we shall be! We shall appreciate you and surprise you by the amount of your salaries when you manage our commercial empires. Between serving us and serving God you will be satisfied.

"What did Christ mean when he told the young man to part with all he had to the poor? He did not mean literally go and do it; that would have been unpractical, and Jesus was before everything practical. If he had lived now he would have been a consolidator. He meant *be willing* to part with all, if you think you ought to. Now I am willing, but I don't think I ought to. So I am carrying out the spirit and letter of Christ's injunction."

Giles would then lead in singing, "Praise God from whom all blessings flow." He was unrivaled as a Sunday orator, and vigorously relished displaying the tact and luxuriance of his imagination to the poor and leanly endowed once a week.

When his adversaries bombarded his supremacy with their Economic School, Giles built a great free Technical Institution at Steel Haven, sagaciously prompted by his usual long-sighted theory. Brains, cogitated he, must be occupied with what they like. Busy them with professional, technical things and they will think they are living to a large purpose; questions of the distribution of wealth, society, equity, right, justice, government, they will despise as below them and vulgar; their souls will be lifted on the bladders of useful work, unregardful that I collect and use for myself the most of that usefulness. They do not think as far as that; like bustling girls with dolls the motion of their faculties satisfies them; solely to create is bliss, blind whether their creations serve mankind or only a few shrewd sovereigns of mankind like me! The doctrine of honest artistic product, of faithful manly performance, of working to deserve your own approbation, and not cheating though you are cheated, which the zealous have preached to all the minion classes, is a solid buttress of my power. The large-hearted, act-

ive-brained are my vassals for the privilege of exhausting their brains for me, and they fervently exhort the feebler-brained crowd not to think of eating, drinking or getting, for their satisfaction, but to do a good square job for it, with the consciousness that an Æsthetic Providence will chisel it to their credit somewhere in the invisible beauties of the Universe, some time to be brought to light when the earth has melted into the sun; or warranted otherwise to produce a warm eternal glow in the vast incomprehensibleness of essence. Let all the rabble be cultured up to the tragic self-surrender of professors who toil for the conservation of antiquity and capitalists for stablemen's pay, pleased by grace of the capitalist Great to be given toil with their brains rather than their bodies, naïvely obtuse to the effects of their toil on the world.

Giles was learning a higher opinion of the educated. They could give an odor of sanctity to the rich by their pens. The rich did not especially need it, but as long as they had everything they might as well have that. It was like the Pope's crown on Napoleon. Grown up creatures in God's creation to Giles were capitalists. Alone they consciously exercised the qualities of men, the rest being all slavish, obedient, contented to serve like fawning little dressed up monkeys for what the

men of mankind, the human royalty, the self-chiseled rich, scraped out to them.

Hence he resolved to supplement his fine technical foundation in Steel Haven by doing what was deserved for the College of Bernfield. It should cease to potter in poverty and rise into a grand university under his ample endowment. After that every professor would skip into the traces and pull Capitalism along while he cracked the whip. Another million for enlightenment occasionally would keep their ideas as orthodox and ancient as a corpse's. He would settle five hundred scholarships on the institution exclusively for the sons of mechanics in his mills, naming them Mechanics' Fellowship, each to yield the holder four hundred dollars a year, and keep him studying, studying. It would generate a life bias to study, and those chosen hundreds of brilliant common-clay youths would never do anything but study all their lives. They would devote themselves to science, the sciences of Greek and Latin, the science of antiquity, the science of the dead, the science of high mathematics, a sphere lifted above usefulness for the pleasure ground of pure mathematicians; they should roam among all the secrets of the physical sciences—nothing would be safer. In his new devotion to learning Giles perceived that though science had solemnly wrought and toiled, the

servile-and-sovereign structure of society was unaffected by it, the many were still abased and exhausted for the elect, the riches of science dribbled only thinly to the mass. Science he welcomed as a new Class-preserver.

Through these five hundred brilliant annual openings for the spawn of Toil, all the workers could feel elevated to the highest social level. Toil's brightest children could step out into an upper class, which would be an equivalent in its eyes to raising the whole body. A workingman is pleased to be a member of the upper class vicariously. If one in ten thousand workingmen is permitted to climb into a higher rank, abandoning his own people afterward to be their oppressor, all workingmen suppose that they have been uplifted with the deserter and mistake themselves for aristocrats and masters.

It diverted Giles to dwell on this attribute of Wagery, as he named it, and he pictured it off thus: If ten thousand men had nothing to eat and the hoarders of the food supply should beckon one to them and feed him, the rest of the starving crew would exclaim—We are all fed, and now we belong to the eating class!

Giles exulted over his fanciful partners, the workers. A few hundred paltry scholarships would solidify the social order for twenty more genera-

tions. All youthful working-class energies would hasten into absorbing competition for these small preferments, and would no longer have thoughts for social justice or their rights. These privileges would *be* to them social reform. Every workingman would consider himself educated by proxy, and all would unite to terrify and hush the social infidel who might not be able to see it.

He would provide a bunch of petty instructorships yielding five, six and seven hundred dollars a year, and a few generous ones of a thousand, to which these mechanic scholars might gradually ascend as they grew old, patiently consecrating themselves to the austere glories of information. Spare Living and High Thinking should be the advertisement on their laboratories, and he would see by raising the price of life's necessaries that the facts were, High Living and Spare Thinking.

Of course a department of Political Economy was called for to stamp fairmindedness on the institution. He decided to look personally into that: his practical success had given him more knowledge of economy than all the procession of rusty antiques that had plodded before and called themselves thinkers. It will be seen that Giles was becoming a philosopher. All rich men do at a certain age. The burden of proving the perfection of the world rests on them. Optimism is their creed. They thirst to impart the joy of feeling their suc-

cess to every man. The yearning to give men success of their own to feel is pessimism. Hence Giles ruminated that it might devolve on him to dictate a true book of political economy. There were bright nebulæ of distinguished thinkers in that domain panting to stuff his economic offspring at ten or fifteen dollars a week, supplying the economic jargon and profundity. He would furnish the thoughts, which the learned could clothe in clouds and confusion. Quite the magician for chief clerk was a notorious weaver of guesses who had bravely re-proclaimed the great law that laborers receive on the whole as much as they should. He had written:

"It is the purpose of this work to show that the distribution of the income of society is controlled by a natural law, and that this law, if it worked without friction, would give to every agent of production the amount of wealth which that agent creates. However wages may be adjusted by bargains freely made between individual men, the rates of pay that result from such transactions tend, it is here claimed, to equal that part of the product of industry which is traceable to the labor itself." *

A man who could say that, Giles chuckled, was just the beaming jewel for a great monopolist's amanuensis.

* Clark.

CHAPTER XIII.

Old Giles' arrangement met with remarkable success. Everybody was grateful to him: the rich saying he had saved society by closing the gap between Capital and Labor, the poor declaring that classes were now extinct and poor and rich levelly equal. The poor were especially strong in these assertions of equality and bitterly denounced whoever denied it.

Horace Gray and his friends found skeptics at all their meetings. Sometimes they were assailed with, "Who pays you for this work? What is there in it for you? What political party hires you?" Men whose sole possession on earth was an extra shirt at a cheap and dirty boarding house trained themselves in arguments to defend capital. Their reasoning was in a form that particularly allured a prominent division of the working class. "Capital," they said, "creates half the wealth and we laborers the other half. If we get our half it's none of our business who has the rest. It would

be wrong for us to have it, since we didn't make it."

"Who made it?" asked Gray.

"Capital made it."

"Capital isn't the capitalist, is it?"

"No."

"Then why should any man own what capital produces? Isn't that a common product, belonging to all?"

They replied derisively: "How could there be capital without a capitalist? And of course what capital produces is his."

The men viewed capital as an agency out of their sphere, with which they had nothing to do, and toward the right disposition of whose product they had no duties. The mental association of capital and capitalist was too thick for them to break, in their brains the two were one.

Gray, finding that the working people shunned halls, as if fearing to commit themselves even to the extent of entering and hearing, secured a large vacant lot in the middle of town for an open meeting place, and there with his associates gave evening addresses. Considerable crowds gathered, but when Old Giles' foremen took to going among them and peering about, the majority skulked off shamefacedly. They felt the anchor of their jobs quaking.

"It's un-American rant you're preachin'," called out a gate-keeper of Giles', red in the face with wrath, who had lost an arm and a leg in one of his mills. "Every true workin'man ought to stand up agin you. You want to steal his savings and take away his opportunity to rise."

"How much have you saved?" asked Gray.

"Nothing," flustered the man, "but I might have, and I don't want nobody takin' away what I might have."

"What is Americanism?" interrogated Gray.

"The right of a man to get everything he's got the brains to get," answered the crippled gateman. "That's opportunity, and Americanism is opportunity."

"If a man has a right to everything, he has a right to deny it to other people when he gets it, hasn't he, and to keep it all for himself?"

"Of course he has."

"Then when one man has captured all there is in this country he would be justified in telling all the people to go to Heaven, would he not? or to China, or Africa, or the Moon, if they liked it better. If any stayed it would be just for him to starve them all to death. Is this so?"

"Yes, it's so, if he wanted to," the gateman stoutly asserted; "a man has a right to do as he pleases with what belongs to him; that's American-

ism; if the rest of the population don't like it they can move off, the Earth's free."

"Death's free, you mean; that is all. Suppose the same man or syndicate owns all the Earth?"

"Oh, well, that ain't happened yet," rejoined the gate-keeper, twirling the hook that answered for his right arm; "an' most like they'd want some of us to work for 'em; there's always servin'. People don't have to be born; the world is their'n that got here first."

"Don't dodge my question," insisted Gray. "A few, yes, one man, according to our laws and morals, if he could obtain control of all the property on the planet—as some are doing—would have the right to order the entire population to move out through the gates of Death, were he so disposed. And any one who didn't want to go would be an anarchist. Is that true?"

"It certainly is true. It would be a smart world, indeed, if you checked the talents of the bright men just to save the population."

Giles was very popular in Bernfield élite society. Since he had reconciled capital and lifted the workingman to an equality with everybody without altering previous relations, they had taken him up. His contributions to the college had shown him to be a personage of innate refinement. He had learned to wear a dress suit comfortably and

give dinners to men who talked about art and cameos, always steeping them in a profusion of cookery and liquid that temporarily blunted them to the Muses and turned their instincts of admiration toward him. They were people of substance who loved to eat and said they loved Brahms, and followed the hounds and golf balls, and they were civilizing the barbarian Giles while he was paying for it. They made him a member of the Canary Bird Club, Bernfield's most select organization, and of the Baby Monks, and Rag Doll Veterans. At one of their banquets Giles delivered an epoch-making oration.

"Gentlemen," he said, "the great thought of the modern world is harmony. The universe is harmonious, why cannot the earth be? Let us begin the harmony with capitalists, and extend it to labor by assimilating their unions. We have neglected the assimilation of labor. Once opposed to labor organizations I now respect them. They are the elements of harmony, I might say of assimilation. I have pondered how to inflame a saving sense of responsibility in the laboring class; I wish to bring the workers into the grand swell of the ages and the planets which capitalists already occupy. It can be done by cent'ring our efforts on their aristocracy and raising them. Who are the Labor Aristocracy? The trade union leaders.

"The lower classes like the higher are subject to Nature's beautiful Law of Aristocracy. In the slums as in the salons the best come to the top and the rest obey them. The union leaders, the slum four hundred, or underground aristocracy, are the pivot of social harmony. If we harmonize them we harmonize all; they are the pumping station of intelligence to the mass; to them the masses are the satellites ambulating around the stars. These labor stars are human. Nay, even vulnerable to great ideas like harmony. They are open to assimilation. Picture them as the sluices through which we may saturate the masses with responsibility.

"Our cue is the establishment of a modus vivendi with these leaders. Social converse is the sure liquidation of dislike. We must in a sense take them to our bosoms—only in a sense—conferring with them at a periodic banquet board, where the courses should be as heavy as the conversation is light. Let our condescension be well advertised in the newspapers, dwelling on the unifying embraces of the classes; see that unison pervades without committal, affection without concession. The passage to the union leader's citadel is through respect; bear respect for him in your pocket as the skeleton key to his heart and deeds. Social harmony and capitalistic security bought

by a monthly dinner with some of labor's four hundred is dirt cheap. This is assimilation. Were I like you, skilled in words, I might say that mastication promotes assimilation.

"There will be no riff-raff there, no actual workingmen, only theoretic workingmen. I might hesitate to recommend the meeting of gentlemen with men who work. The labor leaders, happily for us, do not work. They are like ourselves, thinkers; therefore we and they ought to understand each other and put our hands in the same glove, and to some extent in the same pocket—the workingman's.

"Indeed they are excellent gentlemen, leading a cultivated life, ratified by the blessings of leisure and financial competence. They receive from two to six times what the laborers who hire them do; they are housed in pleasant offices and commodious hotels; they are great travelers in their cause and something of speech-makers; they are famous, receiving genial prominence from the press in gratitude for something popular to write about; they sway power, sometimes immense, and are not made miserable by it—in which they are like the capitalist commander-in-chiefs of Trusts; in strikes they are the great generals in the field and when they wink the country is informed which eye. So you see, gen-

tlemen, their place is enviable, and anything but that of the grimy toilers that fill the breach, and diet in battle. Some have compared them to the generals who sit in their phaetons while the distant cannon boom, directing the controversy—clean, safe and digestive.

"It is a good job, necessary to the labor world as capitalists are necessary to the whole world, only they do not belong in reality to the labor class: they are Labor-Capitalists.

"For the good of this class the labor successes must not go too far. Should labor conquer too well labor organizations would be unneeded and the high places occupied by leaders would depart. Conditions must be nursed and kept which require labor organizations, for labor organizations require leaders. The preservation of the leaders is essential for the good of—the leaders.

"The leaders seem from their actions to know this chain of thought well. Examine the heads of labor bodies and you will find that most of them place a conservative limit on labor's rights. They favor a continuance of the capitalist system, regarding it as structural in nature, but would have more wages, and hours reduced; they adjudge to capital and capitalist essential rights, conceding that beyond a flexible point labor must not push. This is acute enlightenment, for our cap-

italist purposes—and harmony. These leaders seem to appreciate us, and assimilation. We should appreciate them and no longer keep them out in the cold away from us, or refuse to assimilate them. They are real care-takers and guardians of our business evolutions, the proper watchers to keep a string on labor aspirations and puncture its grasping impulses. They will do so if we are kind.

"We must perceive and use their natural kinship with us. Half laborer, half capitalist, they are divinely put together to sustain the status quo. As semi-partners of ours we can shape the policies and opinions of labor through them; as semi-partners of labor labor will trust them and allow its policies to be shaped. If the process is a little disagreeable to you as seeming to rupture the ligaments of caste, remember that recognizing labor leaders is security from recognizing the laboring mass. Allowed to move judiciously with us they will imbibe our views, half toned and fused into labor terms, as rugged champions of the people who go to Congress lose their rawness and inhale the sentiments of the old habitues and lobbyists; they will discover that we are broad-gauge good men who think everything of them, and a reign of love, confidence and harmony will set in.

"They will diffuse their new understanding

through the working-class body—whom they are supposed to represent but do not, because only a man who actually works with his hands as they work can truly stand for workers, and not one who sits, and negotiates, and dines with their masters, for a salary. For it is in this way that the toilers have always been tricked out of their victories. Then the cloud of toiling inferiors will realize our virtues and feel a surge of gratitude when we grasp their agents by the hand, and will lovingly admit our capitalist claims."

Giles sat down amidst applause long and tempestuous. His words opened a new vista of capitalist usefulness and pointed the way to the preservation of the class that so loved the world that it took it all.

Giles' conversion to trade unionism made him famous throughout the country as the leading knight protector of labor. He was called to advise in labor disputes and to compose acute troubles between employers and men. To no one's surprise more than his own he found himself a public oracle capable of deep utterances. Being required to be wise in so many respects and infallibly wise in them all, he took to considering the situation. He had become a national figure and must live up to it. One evening at a great meeting in New York he sketched the course of indus-

trial evolution being benignly unfolded by him, and accepted the mantle of deliverer and prophet.

"Capitalists are the only true benefactors the human species has known," he said. "Martyrs only made trouble, they were turmoilers. Riot acts and riot guns were defective in the time of martyrs or there would have been none of them. They considerably delayed the coming of capitalists by giving currency to moral hallucinations. A man had only to be mad in those days and stretch his arms up toward the Almighty and they called him prophet and saint, listened to his ruction and made trouble for business men. Now business men put him in jail and that's the end of him. Elijah, Isaiah, Jeremiah, Brutus, John the Baptist, a capitalist renegade named Paul, and about a dozen well-known ranters who followed an arch noise-maker who interfered with the buds of civilization in Jerusalem—threw stones at the business class of their day and shot their venom at capital. They were a bilious mob who thought man was somebody, without property. At last every one has learned the superiority of business to, I might say, the Almighty. Jails and police and judges working hard for a couple of thousand years have taught men this. They are the great enlighteners; men never would have un-

derstood the virtues of capital and learned to put God in his right place without policemen.

"Capitalists are the acme and shekinah of business men. By their wand order emerges from chaos and everything material and immaterial is organized. We shall organize the spirit-world next, charge a supernatural fee for it, and take a mortgage on the property of Eternity. Eternity mortgages are the best kind. We don't think anything has a right to exist now without a mortgage on it to us.

"The world was an accident until we introduced the Law of Brains ten years ago. Business was Battle, and Battle is Waste. The Law of Brains said, organize. The world is now organized on a mortgage, and we have peace. The capitalists hold the mortgage and the people pay interest on it. For mankind the universe may be said to rest on a mortgage. The first universal principle has been called Love. I call it a mortgage.

"Can we mortgage the Almighty? This is the next serious business question. We have mortgaged all his Works, why not mortgage Him? That would be a rich stroke of civilization and assimilation. I am not pessimistic, science is giving us a grasp on the spirit-world, and while you may now smile on the proposition as a pleasantry, I boldly ask if there has not been a mistake in

supposing that a Being who could not protect his universe from a mortgage can protect himself? Have we not been in error about the head of things? Is it not possible that the strongest men are the head of the cosmic system, so far as it has a head? Every man who uses God's system to dwell in pays to capitalists a large fee for it. We fine him for living, eating, drinking, sitting, moving, looking at the sky, breathing God's air, circulating his blood. We certainly have mortgaged the Infinite Power already.

"But I digress. Under the divine rule of world-organized capital the productive forces of mankind and nature will reach their maximum and great mother earth will become prodigiously rich. Competitive battle is as stupid and destructive as physical battle.

"To us as capitalists the door of a new destiny opens, we are opening it. We have not yet conceived the magnificence of our office. Our sphere is to furnish the ideas, direction and impulse of this huge world-combination. Under our impetus there will be a capitalist world-empire encircling the globe. Kings and presidents will be our clerks and agents; all men will become one nation, the watchwords of mankind will be—Production and Peace. I am told that one of our poets wrote 'God said I am tired of Kings.' So

are we, and of the rule of all politicians. The President of the Earth is Capital, and we are *its* president.

"But you say I have not touched on the fiercest source of modern strife—Labor. Labor is like a wild beast because we have treated it as a beast. It can be tamed and harnessed to the world's good by side of capital. Let Labor form a world-union like capital. When it is internationally organized capital will learn its usefulness and justly reward it. Labor, on the other hand, growing more intelligent through greater responsibility and the increasing respect for it, will learn that it is not everything, will see the necessity of capital, and accord to its owners their share. The two sides will negotiate their differences in friendship and co-operate to enlarge the output of wealth. Here we shall reach the final stage of industrial relations, for there is no farther to go. We must have classes, but they must love each other. I hope I have shown the way."

Some of the rich who heard these utterances were deeply shocked and grieved. One who had just made a brilliant franchise grab by the considerate gift of "dough" to Albany legislators, through which he would clear millions, and was in a particularly religious condition of gratitude and reverence that had blossomed into a fifty

thousand dollar offering for a chapel in the slums to bear his name, indignantly declared that it was blasphemous to say such things and he repudiated them. It might be true that the rich were required by commercial duty to introduce a new moral law above the old and new commandments, but this was a very different matter from railing at divine things; his whole nature revolted at speaking lightly or familiarly of the infinite. It was right to do what was necessary for the growth of business, but to *say* such things as Giles had was to outrage the most sacred feelings. The capitalist was of course in a manner absolute ruler of all the Maker's works within his reach; of course he charged toll of the lower orders for looking at the stars and the sunset and for breathing, because he collected a profit-tax of them for everything they required for living, why not? This did not make the capitalist superior to God, for the capitalist did this service *under* God, by God's will and appointment. Capitalists, enlightened by a higher religious sense, could see that the Christian Law of Love must be repealed as choking the path of industrial evolution, the new religious legislation might be called the Law of Grab by the irreverent who could not perceive the installation of capitalists for a sacred work. Just here was Giles' emphatic sinfulness, he, a capitalist,

said what the irreverent thought. The people were under the spell of sounds and words, which really was the essence of good religion, because if you observed the proprieties with their sounds and words you could *do* anything commanded by the infinite Law of Get.

This objector was pacified by a fellow capitalist whose religion was also above dispute, who explained that Giles' purpose was probably educational, to induce the crude word-fearing public to gradually think in terms of the broadened religious revelation which the brigadier generals of industry were introducing. His allusion to mortgaging the spirit-world was not bad wit in view of the progress of capitalists, but might be taken as a glint of innocent laughter.

However, the foregoing speech and others by Giles were a sleeping draught to the public while they very deftly removed the fangs of Labor. The public said, "We are standing in our own light when we obstruct the natural processes of beneficent capital, which now realizes its obligations and exists for the general good." Labor on its part, feeling "recognized" and structurally accepted as a dignified factor in universal affairs, a co-worker with Capital in the large mission of making the world pay, began to think more of the great principles of civilization than of bread and butter.

"Soldiers have to sacrifice their health," said Giles to them, "workingmen must be grateful to be allowed to sacrifice theirs in the good cause of civilization. We can only conquer capitalized Europe for the benefit of America with the terrible engine of consolidated Trusts, therefore be patriotic, workingmen, and obey your capitalist leaders in this work. You must not ask high wages, for that will weaken us as competitors and interfere with America's destiny to subjugate and enlighten mankind. We shall civilize the non-capitalized continents, Asia and Africa, with the same Trusts, and incidentally put their wealth in our pockets. It will be the highest order of patriotism on your part, workingmen, to put your private interests behind you and listen only to our commands. We have put our private interests behind us. We carry on the Trusts purely for the nation's honor."

Giles then said: "There will be a species of universal brotherhood in which the rest of the world will be a species of slaves to America, if American workingmen will remain loyally in their places and work for what we can afford to give them, without strikes and boycotts."

The feeling of the working masses on hearing this was that of the prodigal welcomed home.

At this period Giles was favored with a birthday. In anticipation of it he had directed one of

his metropolitan dailies to send out telegrams and interviewers to prominent men to secure their opinions of himself for publication, selecting of course only those capable of thoroughly appreciating his genius. The Daily Consolidator headed a principal page with the intelligence, "Billionaire G. Wyndon enjoys an edifying birthday. Congratulatory wishes come to The Consolidator for him from persons who know him best. He will spend the day as usual working the wires of the financial world for the good of mankind."

From an Englishman in England came the following:

"To us in England Giles Wyndon is a providential man, raised up to achieve in the world of commerce and finance what cannot yet be attempted in the political sphere. He is knitting nations together; he is weaving into a web the many-colored strands of diverse national lives; in the roaring loom of life he uses Atlantic liners as shuttles and railways as threads. He is one of the master spirits of the twentieth century. A man who undertakes and begins such tasks as those associated with the name of Wyndon ought to be, if not immortal, at least assured of another thirty years of life."

"I think I'm good for fifty more," observed Giles on reading this, "and long before that I ex-

pect to own nine-tenths of all the property in the world."

A member of the Stock Exchange replied to the interviewer: "I think Mr. Wyndon is in many respects the grandest type of man this country has ever produced. His great mentality and force of character would have made him a leader in any walk of life. My estimate of the man is that he has no equal; that he is the greatest financier that ever lived; and I consider him the foremost citizen of the United States."

"Good," said Giles. "I see that others as well as myself consider me the biggest man in the universe. This is the way history is made. I must have these opinions put into a book for the instruction of future ages. I lack only one thing and that is the power not to die. But beyond all Cæsars, Saints, and Financiers, what a funeral I'll have!"

A conspicuous divine was visited by the reporter and his lucubrations were given a typographical square in The Consolidator by themselves. The headlines announced: "Arthur Willie-Willie calls Giles Wyndon a Real King. (Interview with the Rev. Dr. Willie-Willie, of Baggmore Church.)"

"Dr. Willie-Willie said:

"Had Giles Wyndon, with his executive ability,

his organizing instinct, lived in the old Roman times, he would have been a Julius Cæsar, and built up a great military system, and imposed Roman law and government on savage peoples.

"Had he lived a hundred years ago, I am inclined to think that he would have been a Napoleon, and perhaps there never would have been a Wellington or a Waterloo.

"The measure of a civilization is to be found in its strongest men, who are at once the creation and the exponents of the age.

"Mr. Wyndon has endeavored to increase wealth, multiply comforts and conveniences, and to use his wealth for the higher life of the community.

"A man like Mr. Wyndon is an American institution. And *since every sound and rightly conducted business is a philanthropy, and does as much for the many who work in it as for the one man who controls or owns it,* Mr. Wyndon is one of the greatest and most useful men in the world. Europe has certain men who are kings by hereditary right. But they look like play-kings in comparison with this real king in the realm of finance-commerce-industry and social progress."

A faithful private secretary of Giles' who was present when his great master read this, trembled at the expected outbreak against "pulpit poodles"

and "sycophant toads" which were the names Giles had for an army of clergymen who, he said, licked his footprints in public Sundays and came to him Mondays begging donations for new things for their show-houses, but Giles perused the adulation silently and reflectively.

"Why isn't Willie-Willie right in the main point?" he said to himself. "Cæsar and Napoleon destroyed countless lives and took away human rights to yoke military despotisms on mankind, while I at the expense of countless lives and of all men's natural rights am fastening a world-wide industrial despotism upon them. I don't know of any conqueror that ever lived who reduced the whole world to such absolute subjection as I am doing, and with the connivance, consent and worship of all mankind. Other empires were small and bounded compared with mine, which includes every rood of the footstool's surface. I shall soon have the earth so organized that no savage in the deepest jungle depths can strip the bones of a wild bird with his teeth without giving me a large percentage of its value; all planetary life pays its huge tribute to me; I write my name and whole peoples prosper or fall; all men are helpless painted jumping-jacks whose millions of legs and arms twitch when I say a word. Willie-Willie was right! I alone am bigger than all the big

men that ever lived combined, and my despotism is a philanthropy; no fool could have said that; Willie-Willie must have brains somewhere; and it is well to have excellent and sanctified orators like him, who control the religious prejudices of the influential, saying things like that about me from Sunday to Sunday."

Instead of storming derision at the babbling preacher as his nervous attendant had anticipated, Giles wrote a check for $25,000 to the Baggmore Church, and a personal one of a thousand to Willie-Willie, ordering the secretary to indite a polite missive to the reverend, begging him to use the sum in travel for his health that he might be strengthened for prolonged usefulness for the Lord.

CHAPTER XIV.

One of these new activities to typify and advance social union was the Industrial Dinner and Love League, a collection of the greatest men of affairs for the purpose of monthly dinners to some representative leaders of organized labor. Giles presided at the first of these conclaves as president of the League, and on his right sat the head of a great trade union whom they had selected to honor. The official had purchased a dress suit for the occasion, which rested eloquently on his rotund form. Withal he was not the least handsome man present, and it did him good to have Labor appear with grace and propriety. The time will come when every laboring man will have a dress suit, he prophesied. His imagination had never pictured such things as were there to eat.

"We must give him a warm dose of it," whispered the heavy capitalist on the left in Giles' ear. The billionaires cried his name vociferously when he arose and clapped their hands, beaming

at him. As he stood up blushing gratefully, some musicians from an invisible station in the ornate hall sang the new popular success, "Class Union," beginning "Together stand the classes for the good of all Mankind." Then the labor leader spoke.

"I am deeply grateful to you, the most representative men of the city and nation, for the hearty welcome you have extended to me. Few labor men have ever been accorded such honor. I do not know but the distinction conferred upon me is greater than was ever enjoyed by a labor leader. I shall endeavor to deserve it in the future as I have in the past. I will not deny that it is a gratification thus to be singled out as the most important of those who follow my calling of labor organizer in the land. Because of your invitation to eat and speak at this meeting my picture has been published in nearly every paper in the nation, but I believe I may honestly say that my head has not been turned by that. The service I have rendered my class in being deemed worthy to come here in this capacity is the thought that sustains me.

"But I have said enough about myself; it is my opinions on the large questions of the day and nation that you and the public desire to hear. The great cause of labor is with you in my person, eating, drinking and exchanging ideas with you.

(Applause.) The humble workingman to-night acquires a new dignity because his official self, his elected spokesman and public personality, the president of his craft organization, receives the hand of class affection from a body of the greatest living Americans. (Deafening approval, with clapping hands and vocally.)

"I, for one, do not regard the interests of capital and labor as so much opposed to each other that they cannot be reconciled. I have abiding faith in the citizens of this country, and believe that they can solve the great labor problem which confronts us, and solve it right. The labor principles are considered more lofty now by that class of the people who heretofore did not understand the purposes of trade unions. Capital has its just rights which it would be criminal for labor to disturb. It earns a part of the social income as verily and toilsomely as labor does—for the toil of machinery is toil—and that part morally and of right must go to the owners of capital. I am no iconoclast, I am no revolutionary, I am no dreamer, I am not leading my trusting followers into chimerical quicksands or utopian bog. I am a patriot, proud of our national wealth and of you, the distinguished breeders of it. If I instructed my people that they deserve your share of the fruits of your strenuous life—for, friends, I con-

sider mental effort to be not less toil than muscular exertion (terrific applause), I should be unworthy of the confidence registered in me by my union and the citizens of the United States.

"No workingman should receive less than six hundred dollars a year for his wage. He cannot be a good citizen and bring up as many future workingmen as he should on less than that. I place no limit to the deserved fortunes of capitalists. It is not my province to say how many millions or billions are required by a capitalist to bring up his family as good citizens. Generally, a great many millions fail, which I take as an evidence that he deserves more. I will say that to curtail his freedom to earn all he can, whether millions or billions, would be un-American, would destroy the zest of life of all the common laborers now hopefully climbing the ladder of wealth on three hundred dollars a year.

"I thank you again for your considerate condescension toward me. Capitalists and laborers are brothers, and since I have come to know the full meaning of your brotherly bearing this evening, I can only say that brotherhood and equality demand nothing else for realization than for all laborers to become as well acquainted with you as I am. I shall try to live up to the measure that has been set for me by the people of the United States."

CHAPTER XV.

Giles illustrated his theories of a world fraternity of capitalists by effecting one stupendous purchase of interests after another into The Amalgamated Fish, Ship, Iron, Transportation, Coal and Steel Company. With every absorption of this kind an immense quantity of new stock was issued by Giles to himself, to represent the new value that the purchased works had acquired by coming into the possession of Giles. Charges were placed upon the consuming public to pay dividends to Giles on this new stock, which stood for the value of consolidation. These dividends represented the new wealth conferred by Giles upon the public by having its business done organically and labor-savingly in his colossal leviathan. The public could not have consolidation without paying for it. He deserved the pay that had formerly passed to labor, which was now emancipated from labor and deserved nothing; and with it he was able to purchase still other bunches of

great industries and receive more pay for their consolidation. Whatever he saved to society was appropriately his as the saver. Whatever work he saved the displaced laborers from doing he compelled the public to pay him for not doing. Had he been voted a statue by the grateful people the words Popular Economizer on it would have satisfied him.

The laboring men, relieved of the hardship of work, were pensioned by Giles at the usual thirty cents a day, upon a beneficent scheme projected by him to protect society from revolution during a transitional dying era—until the population should be reasonably reduced by natural causes. Famines, wars and pestilence being out of mode, there survived the natural diseases of anæmia. Thirty cents a day would not permit an ex-laboring man the recklessness of a family that would grow to a great age in a cold climate; in fact, he would probably die childless, leaving the inhabitants less by himself, and as many children as he might have had with a normally fed constitution. Other laborers, informed by the army of unemployed pensioners that children were a drug on the world, would wisely not indulge in a quiver of them. This plan of easy extermination would be a pleasure to the needless exterminated themselves. Giles figured that strenuous employment

on small pay was just equivalent in sum of comfort to no labor and thirty cents a day. Entire redemption from work was surely worth a dollar or a dollar twenty cents a day to any one; in freeing him from work and adding thirty cents to his freedom, Giles reckoned that he was paying the fellow a dollar and a half daily. He only asked of these pensioners to abstain from protracting the burden of their charge upon him beyond their own generation. If they married, whether men or women, the pension expired. Economic professors in the universities studied Giles' population project with great exultation, and taught it to their classes. They named it the Giles Wyndon Law of Reconstructed Population.

Giles himself showed signs of change. He was taking himself gravely. A man who could do what he was doing ought to have respect for the man that was doing it. He rose steadily in his self-esteem. His name was familiar from poles to equator in every zone as the world's portent of finance and production. The wealth he daily created was fabulous. One day when housed with a cold he shut the door on business and read a book, and at night figured how many millions he had produced that day. They astonished him when he considered that he had produced them by reading a novel. His industrial power

stretched so rapidly that hourly more and more of the world, civilized and uncivilized, rested on him. As the centre of earthly commercial gravity he saw his duty to remodel his conception of himself.

Every step in this progress was keenly realized by Margaret. Something that was best in her father was being lost. Before long his old self, the one she loved, would fade into an alien nature, and she, the nearest and dearest to him, was silent to this change. Her inaction seemed a falseness to them both.

The course she took might not have reached a focus immediately if Giles' fertile brain had not started another movement for industrial good will. Among the later industries gathered to the bosom of The Amalgamated were the factories in a batch of old towns long specialized to the working of leather. The trade union was solidly planted in this field and strikes had been frequent; there was also the party of operatives called Independents, opposed to working-class union and helping their employers in every struggle. Their reward was the cream of work. It struck Giles to organize them into the Free Workmen's Union. Not wishing his agency known, he suborned a clergyman to become the organizer and public sponsor of the movement.

Giles covertly planted a hundred thousand dollars in the treasury of this body as endowment for fighting the bona fide union. It was an organization of strike breakers. They were to contrive the defeat of every effort of the true workers to improve their condition or raise their caste. Besides pecuniary perquisites, they were rewarded by ranking as special friends of the employer. When they worked in a strike their pay was increased one-third while it lasted.

In season and out, in strike and out of strike, they talked about the right of workingmen to be independent and labor when they pleased. Their eagerness to work while the majority refused settled it with the public that the strikers' demands were vicious, and relieved the public from squandering sympathy. Giles found that he could hire men in plenty to stand up for the doctrine of the right to work when you want to, who never wanted to except in a strike, and would not at any other time. As strike breakers, they were not required to work hard, and the pay was rich; it was mainly a matter of defying the orders of the unions for workers to quit, and of making the weak-kneed workmen and weaker principled public believe that the works were proceeding well manned. The corps of permanently unemployed rendered an Independent, or strike breakers', union feasible

for every industry. Practically, it achieved a system of antagonistic or twin unions, potent for making the trade union and all working-class struggles innocuous. The split class by this means would conduct its own suicide, part playing police and gun on the majority.

The success of the strike breakers' association caused Giles to draw up articles of incorporation to attract the large element of good souled, but simple-brained, mechanics and common laborers, who believe they were appointed to serve in the world by an act of special grace—who feel a pride in their menialness as if it were a high place. The articles were worded as only Giles and his lawyers, with here and there a thought offered by the clergyman, could do such things. The document was as innocent on the outside as those who could believe in it were on the inside. This was its wording:

"This association shall encourage industry, economy, thrift and honesty among its members; maintain amicable relations between employés and employers of labor; to assist its members in obtaining the highest wages consistent with the general good of all concerned; to promote all forms of productive industry and increase the employment of labor at good wages; to prevent unjust and unreasonable discrimination against any of its mem-

bers by any person, combination, or conspiracy to prevent such members from securing employment in any branch of industry, and to protect and defend its members against any and all attempts by any person or combination of persons to abridge the inalienable right of all mankind to work for such wages as shall be mutually satisfactory to the individual workman and his employer."

The wealthy press was hugely pleased by this manifesto, and gave the "laborers" who had produced it many editorial caresses; Giles owned several of these papers, which were better able than others to uncover the genuine Americanism of the movement. "It would be difficult for any sane man, whether employer, wage earner, or of whatever occupation or social condition, to find in this declaration anything with which to quarrel," said one of these. "It is not at all surprising that the aggressiveness, intolerance and violence of some of the unions have invited revolt through opposing organizations."

One of the editors went a little too far in his zeal and exposed rather more than Giles intended, saying:

"The success of any movement on the part of labor to emancipate itself from the control of the unions will depend, in great degree, if not wholly, upon the intelligence with which *employers* act in

conjunction with it. They do not need to encourage it *ostentatiously,* much less to patronize it; but every consideration of *self-interest* suggests that they should see to it that no man suffers from the assertion of his independence or from his readiness to be rated according to his worth."

But this editor was reprimanded for his indiscretion, and discharged by Giles' general press manager. "It won't do to publicly advise employers to bring up this capitalist infant, even unostentatiously," he caustically said to him; "we thought your college education would have taught you that." And this editor-in-chief went out to look for another job without a recommendation from his last place.

However, the public had no suspicion that Giles was back of these developments, and, of course, the innocent mechanics who flocked to the "independent" standard flouted the insinuation that anybody could make *them* his tools. They were too bright for *such* trickery.

The dishonor of all this bit into Margaret's soul. Fair and foul means were used undiscriminatingly against the workers; anything to deceive, anything to defeat, anything to weld new chains on them. The working masses were simply a mine of raw life for the strong to dig into for gold, as if they were unfeeling matter with no

rights. She saw the strong throw aside their moral laws in using this primitive aggregation of life stuff, just as if there were no morality. For the strong there was none. When statements were necessary to soothe or mold public opinion Giles would compose an assemblage of lies to suit the demand and give them out over his signature as facts. At a judicial hearing, to which he was called for testimony on a scandalous deal of The Amalgamated, first destroying written evidence that would incriminate him, he presented under oath a tissue of testimony, brilliant in its logical freedom from truth, lasting half a day, and was assisted over the rocky passages by the Judge and District Attorney, who knew that he was entertaining the court and country with fiction.

Laughing over this to Margaret he said that the building of a great business was like building a state. All was fair in diplomacy. We concede that lying is a virtue in statesmanship and war, and business on a large scale is in their category. The *great* business man, like Bismarck, *must* lie and bribe.

With a bitter awakening Margaret came to a new comprehension of her position in the world; breaking its few cherished traditions her mind went forth into the territory of the soul's sov-

ereign independence. Uncertain thoughts grew clear.

"The life for wealth, at all times coarsening and mean, is searing the beauty and fineness of my father's spirit; it stunts the generous and noble if they remain in it, driving them to cruelty and selfishness. But I too am a factor in this life, yielding to it, not contending against it. Why am I submitting, supporting what I hate? I am obeying my father. My own nature ceases its life through this obedience, my real self sinks to nothing.

"Then why obey? Because of love and the teaching that obedience is right? They call it duty and right even when it destroys the obeying soul, which cannot be. Is it good for my father to blot my nature out, absorb what it strains upward to be, forbid my independent existence? He lives and stamps the world with *his* character, while love must prevent me from impressing mine; yet his love of me does not restrain him from extinguishing me. Is this not uneven and wrong? Do I not owe society my life, my ideas and ideals? Do I owe my father's love more than I owe myself, mankind, principle, intelligence, duty? Is all that we call duty made in favor of the parent, while in parallel respects he has none to the child?

"Perhaps they will tell me that my turn will come after his death, and that I am to accept what is left of me then as all that is properly my own; that only the wornout end of life belongs to me and my aspirations and my fellows. My years of energy may then be gone, if I do not chance to die first. Filial love and duty when supreme are but means for defrauding the world of the help of those who would help it most.

"And here is a cause of the world's snail-like progress. The younger generation ever submits to the older until it too is old, then having grown likewise selfish or hopeless, it brings no change. Why not reverse the order? Why shall not the older yield to the sentiments of their children while they are fresh, discerning, unselfish, and pure? Does the generation happening to be first here own the earth and all destiny until it sinks in decrepitude and dies? It is a fact of life that as the world's business-bearers age a self-loving shell hardens on them; love, generosity, aspiration, if they had them, vaporize; fine emotions starve; avarice, ambition, greed, replace their humanity; they warm with loftier life no more; the springs of principle and magnanimity are dry.

"And yet to their sons and daughters these soul-frozen veterans of gain drone, 'Your duty, children, is love and obedience to us; trust in our

stainless wisdom, to us the molding and management of mankind,'—though they long ago drove their wisdom out of doors and are the sport of vulgar vanity and the very agony of greed. Behold mankind, the product of their rich wisdom! the factories, their factories, where 'the life of the woman who toils is miserably hard; it takes the roses from fresh cheeks, makes old and bent women of young girls, hollows chests and rounds straight young backs!' Without abhorrence, how can we view the frenzy for gain which tortures and defiles the creatures of their own breed for the work and wealth they can burn from the crucible of their sentient bodies? And we must hold our peace and even be assistants of their frenzy, in the hallowed name of love. What is the vital quality of a love for us which does this to others? Are we purchased to silence by knowing they will leave us the blood-stained property for which they strangled humanity?"

Margaret disclosed her purpose to Philip. "I am going out of the Firm; it prevents me from living my true life and I must be free. I have learned that family affection is the great impediment to human change. It prevents me from living by a larger love and following the light of intelligence. All the good of mankind, all the progress of the earth, must stand still, because parents believe

that progress would distress them; the happiness of all future millions weighs nothing against the prejudices of these embattled parents. And we who care for the larger life of the race and desire *future* parents to have a more beautiful and less prejudice-trammeled existence, we who yearn to bring some of the beauty of imagination into our own days, are bidden to forego all in the holy name of our parents' private selfishness, which they call affection. I have discovered that I shall love my parent best by being true to every high thought that I have. My love will die if I am not myself. Even if it separates us and breaks the seeming of our happiness, I shall be giving him a love that has my soul and essence in it, love transcendently higher than the pale product of habitual family mechanics. I should be false to love if I did otherwise—I am obeying love."

Philip remained in the Firm to be a link between these two.

Giles grimly said: "This is my reward for living for mankind. Those nearest to me cannot understand. I am enriching every one and am called a cruel robber."

CHAPTER XVI.

Margaret now declared herself to the working people. She was well known to them as the brilliant daughter of Old Giles, with a commercial genius level to his. Her renunciation of the stupendous fortune stopped their breath and stupefied them. There must be great reason for such a sacrifice and they burned to know it. Wherever she spoke the halls were packed to the doors. The freshness of her strong vitality and the perfect harmony of all her faculties lent an uncommon lustre to her beauty.

What *she* said, who had renounced so much, the people believed.

She told them how they owed it to themselves and the great universe in which they lived to take the world in hand and change it. The human race was not a feeble accident in the scheme of things. It was endowed with the power of self-creation. What it wanted to be it could be. It could take itself in its own hands and shape its character; it

could increase or diminish its own intelligence and strength. All the barriers that were placed about it were barriers only in fancy; if it believed in their solidity and impassableness they were so, whereas if it believed that they only stood through the inertia of the human mind they would scatter before the potency of intelligent will. The world, mankind, and all relations of life were plastic substance for the energy of human beings to work upon into forms of high and magical beauty. Nothing that exists was sacred, what was sacred is the great Human Possibility alone. All forms, customs, beliefs, practices, institutions, reverences, theories, were only initial stuff to be wrought into something measurelessly higher, and then rewrought into that which is again higher. There never would be anything sacred but Possibility. Man's destiny and happiness were not in the achieved but in the infinite unachieved, yet achievable; and then not in rest and the sense of finishment; but in the invasion of still new fields of perfection brought in sight of those latest gained.

Human nature could change itself. That was the difference between human nature and other things. The world was a wonderful series of potencies for changing human nature into more life-filled, noble forms. Being fettered to old tales of

philosophy and timorous prejudices of religion and society, humanity had not had courage to dream what it could do with itself. It could make itself a majestical orchestra of happiness on which the days should play divine music forever. It could nurture that divine thing love, yet only in germ in the world, but bearing exhaustless infinities of happiness to be realized by man.

And what restrains mankind from entering into life? A few moss-covered mistakes, the shells and husks of its pre-mental morning, treasured and worshiped not because they are good but because of tender recollections of our human babyhood. We love our little ancient clothes and yearn to wear them always. How could children know what would be good for men? How could they, innocent in their first dazzled birth, possess ideas for guiding the life of grown humanity and complex society? The shard of property is one of mankind's treasured mistakes. Property is like food taken into the system, whose aim is the perfect nourishment of every part to form a healthy, balanced and magnificent whole. If some parts should unscrupulously seize more nourishment than they need, oversurfeiting and bloating themselves while robbing other members of the food and strength they require, would it not be madness for the members diseased with excess

as well as for those defrauded of enough? Would not the whole body be weak, pained and sick? Everybody can see that nature in health takes care that this does not happen; only the sick system allows it—and the punishment is death. The well body distributes the elements of life where they are needed, creating a beautiful, energetic whole because every molecule composing it receives its full portion of the body's nourishing wealth.

But man has not learned of nature. Though wealth is to the human family as food to the family of bodily members and should be circulated impartially among all individuals to gain the greatest total health and strength; though the end to seek is the largest vigor and energy of every unit, which will follow when all are adequately and none over-nourished with wealth; our use of property defies these laws and permits some to acquire self-gorging suicidal excess, with scantiness and atrophy of others, which is a species of deadly dementia, with nothing like it in lower nature or anywhere else but in that lofty apex of infinity, man.

Margaret told them to study how property had been gained and property rights established. The foundations of it had never been earning, its largest holders had never been earners; they had

acquired their substance by force or cunning and retained it by the same, till they had drilled submission into the weaker and grooved them to consider this wealth the property of the strong by a holy right, throughout time. They had sculptured *a habit of thought* for mankind, which was the only basis of property. Not right, not desert, not general or individual good—just naked habit.

Now that man and society have grown reflective all this must change. The habit founded by unbridled self-assertion of might must be put off and the world's property managed with a two-fold intention: that every man may be happy to the measure of his capacity, that he may live and labor to the largest effectiveness. Men are happy and the best comes from them only when they are free and equal. The best never develops in slaves, servants, or the hired. Free, self-dependent effort is the law of human happiness and productivity. Equality before the law has been gained (in principle) and now we must have equality before property. We shall then reach independence, the primal requisite of manhood, for one cannot be dependent and be a man. Independence is the source of all the strong and fine virtues; it ought to be secured to every man for life before he is born as one of his indefeasible rights, like the air he breathes.

To be independent and equal he must be born a shareholder in the world. He must not sneak into existence to be man or slave, rich or poor, free or fettered, by chance; he shall not come into possession of what is required as the preliminary of manhood by an accident of birth, that must be his of a certainty, as long as he lives, inalienably, like light. He must be born as part owner of the property of the world. The world's productive agencies, machinery and land, must be like sunshine, a sure basic possession of his. As the earth to walk on is a physical assumption of man's existence, because he cannot float or fly, so must he be born a partner to the possession of machinery and land as a social prerequisite, to furnish him a ground of manhood to stand on, that he may not perforce be a beggar, a thief, or a commercial ruffian, to get footing in life.

Machinery is like land, an element of nature. That man has fashioned it means only that man has placed elemental forces of nature in form to do work. Nature furnishes the force and material, man merely assists her. The principles discovered by man and embodied in machinery are all possessions of nature. Nature supplies the vitality of machinery, nature is its soul, nature is its intelligence and strength, man only gives nature a chance.

Now every man has the same claim upon nature. By what principle are some raised above others to assert larger rights? Men are emanations from nature and by reason of coming from her they belong to her and she belongs to them. By whose authority shall nature be refused to her owners? By authority of the strength of some who are stronger, who capture more than their own? This is not authority but reasonless force, and the weaker need only to unite their force to strip the unreasonable strong. Do some claim a monopoly of nature because of a superior power to manipulate her? Examine that claim of theirs. The nature-monopolists are not the expert manipulators of nature; they are the shrewd movers of the pawns and tokens of the wealth springing from the expert nature manipulators; they are the keen players upon the men who handle nature and produce by her aid, the sharpers on the human and industrial life-board. The hugest nature-monopolists are the financiers, men removed from nature by a gulf, who could not guide a lever or turn a wheel, who manipulate only empty counters of reality. Hence if superior skill in nature-management gave authority to monopolize, the present class of monopolists would have no right at all.

But manipulative proficiency does not confer authority to sweep in and absorb nature. The

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reward of this ability is to be found in exercising it. Nature has attached a pleasure to the use of every faculty, increasing with the vigor of the faculty; this is the payment to the owner of the faculty for its exercise. If he asks additionally to be given a private grip on some wide mass of nature he demands what he pays nothing for, having already been requited in allowance to exercise his powers. Does he claim the particular privilege of impoverishing others of the elements of nature they need in order to be men? He is an injurer, an industrial felon, a thief. What kind of a pretended server of them is he who in return for his serving would unscrupulously impoverish the served? Let all brand him as the plotter of their ruin.

When men have the groundwork of life assured they can begin the building of their higher selves. Compulsion to conquer their own groundwork unless they are favored by the accident of inheritance, is the deadly source of a perpetual stream of human waste; those who have faculties for better things, for the very best things, are driven to wear them out and deplete their time and strength mastering the mere mechanics of subsistence, which organic society should have made rapid and certain for them as their first right. The great purpose of human wisdom is the

organization of the preliminaries of existence in such a way that each may begin his best creative career sooner and find much done for him, nor have to do over by strenuous and wasting struggle as an individual what might be socially done once for all and remain organic and permanent to human life. This is the process of building up social reflexes and retiring a wide range of consuming activities out of the individually voluntary sphere. Harassing men with the smaller cares of existence, the cares of assured living, consumes without requital a dreary sum of energy which should flow to higher evolution.

This priceless quantity of power would be rescued for real uses if all were born as partners in the productive organism of industry. An opening would await each one where his labor would be fully paid,—not as a hired cipher, granted work by favor and remunerated according to the law of power not to pay, but as one of the owners of nature's work forces, remunerated with the total of his labor contribution. Then those desiring much substance to consume could labor much and make it, those devoted to interests above the material could reduce their time of labor, earning fewer things, and save the mass of their power for what they like.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE movement that Margaret was developing gathered extensive proportions. For a while only workingmen and women came to hear her, as is usual in constructive social changes, but finally colleges became aware of a popular earnestness and economic professors thought it respectable to study the motiving principles of the situation. They appeared at meetings, diagnosed and digested the unrest, and began to assail the speaker with questions.

"Your doctrine," said an eminent political economist, "is in effect nothing but the religion of the stomach. If you give workingmen enough to eat what will become of their spiritual aspirations?"

Margaret replied that if the religion of every one who is well off is the Worship of Food the time had come to deprive the rich of their god Food, for their own good. If spiritual aspiration grew nowhere but in starvation the rich should be benevolently starved without delay, to give them aspiration.

What was the philosophy of nurturing one class of Stomach Specialists, the rich, and another of stomach-starved soul specialists, the poor? Was there anything to admire in compulsory spirituality made by want? And when had the world found that the working classes possessed such a precious spirituality? No others seemed anxious to copy it by becoming workingmen. The Religion of the Stomach was the rich man's religion. Her teaching overthrew it with the Religion of Human Power, growing from the ample and intelligent nutrition of the whole human race. Excess would be corrected. All men would have something to do beside idly eating what others brought them, giving a death blow to the Belly Cult. Neither starved nor gourmanded animals ever made racers.

"I insist," reiterated the professor, reading from a work of his, "that if you gave workingmen a larger claim on the property of the world you would place the necessities of nutrition at the summit as well as at the base of human development. Humanity would be at the end as at the beginning, a *stomach*. Nothing but an enormous stomach, whose physical necessities would constitute the sole motive of all mental activities. The stomach would be the prime cause and the end of human-

ity." The savant wiped his brow proudly and sat down.

"Then you mean," answered Margaret, "that all who now have the large grasp on the world's property which you deny to the working classes, are but the enormous 'stomach' you fear the workers will become if their rightful property is granted to them? You certainly say just that. You mean that stomach is the 'prime cause and end' of all the prosperous and well-to-do? For if not why would it be the end of the workers if they were allowed a corresponding prosperity?

"But if your words are true you give an all-sufficient reason for ending the system under which we live, for its supreme purpose and ambition is this stomach-voluptuous prosperity. That is its great bribe and reward—not the getting of enough for a sound, right, evolutional life, but the gaining of excess. And you say that if the power to have superfluities or even sufficiency were extended to all workers they would grow corrupt and be ruled only by the stomach lust. So that if all who succeed now sink down to the stomach grade, and the cult of success is only the stomach cult, this cult and this success ought to be abolished all around to save mankind.

"In truth the reigning creed of success or superfluity is not the desire to have enough for an

excellent life but the wild greed for too much. And this I declare is destructive of all high things. Yet it is none the less the supreme motive you hold before all the workingmen. You dangle before them the hope that they may become capitalists, superfluity-grabbers. Stomach-worship is, from your own lips, the lure which you offer to induce them to exert themselves. While saying that the things had by the rich would corrupt the workers if got, in the same breath you use the itch to get them as the prime incentive to make the workers work. Also as reason why the vast mass of them shall go forever without necessaries, for you tell them that if most will do without necessities all their lives a petty few can attain corrupting excess. What reward is this to the mass that do not attain it?

"But why do you want the workers to exert themselves? Do you actually wish them to gain those excess things which you say will turn them into mere stomachs? If so you should wish the system changed so that all might have the superfluous and graduate into stomachs. Or do you only want the workers stimulated by a shoddy impossible hope to create the superfluities for others, that while the workers grovel and rot in want the excess-takers may grovel and rot in excess, as contemptible and depraved stomach-idolators?"

Margaret waited for a reply but the learned professor kept his seat.

"I will tell you," she concluded. "The purpose of my teaching is not to kindle the appetite for superfluity. It would abolish that craving as a motive, because it is coarse, sensuous and faculty-slaying. It would make the new general motive to be, securing what men need for the stomach in order to develop those rich and little-exercised powers above stomach which all men have."

Another professor objected, "It is evident that such a *régime* as you talk of implies the absolute dictatorship of the State, or, what comes to exactly the same thing, of the community, with regard to the distribution of wealth, and a no less absolute servitude on the part of the workers. But the workers are not affected by this argument. They are not at all eager for liberty, as is proved by the enthusiasm with which they have acclaimed all the Cæsars when a Cæsar has arisen; and they care as little for all that goes to make the greatness of a civilization; for arts, sciences, literature, and so forth, which would disappear at once in such a society."

Sitting down the professor pursed out his lips and cast his eyes, which snapped sharply under his

spectacles, about at his colleagues as much as to say, That will be the end of her.

Margaret again spoke: "The workers are not more guilty of acclaiming Cæsars than the classes over them who have had every chance to know better. Yet this is one of the darkest faults of the working class. It is because the individual workingman thinks himself so insignificant that he can only get a show of importance by resigning his personality to some one else, a military or political Cæsar, who thus appropriates the personalities of a host of workingmen and so becomes great. The workers have trusted in the upper class and when it failed them, as it always has, they turned to a Moses, a Bonaparte, a leader, a Cæsar. It was sure betrayal. The working class never will be free till it learns to walk without the go-cart of leaders.

"But the class that has failed above everything in American society is the middle class. It ruled in America. Under its rule political liberty has been lost, for by its selfish apathy and wealth-thirst the Commercial and Political Bosses have grown and taken self-government from the people. There was rare material equality and fairness of opportunity during the first eighty years of our national life, owing to the accident of abundant land and minerals; greed corrupted the heart

of the middle class and all rushed madly after fortunes, seizing and monopolizing to the best of their ability every one of those vast opportunities. Some were brilliantly successful, and the entire class upheld them because its soul was bitten by the same avarice for riches. The Calumet and Hecla copper mine, one of nature's gifts to all, gave as returns to its individual seizers, 'dividends of $10,000,000 in a single year on a nominal capital of $2,500,000, of which only $1,200,000 was ever paid in—a rate of 400 per cent. on the par value, or 833 per cent. on the cash investment. It has paid over $80,000,000 in dividends in thirty years.'

"Through the abominable private rapacity and filthy gold-lust of the once great middle class the country lost its supreme distinction among mankind—*the fair degree of equality and general well-being of its citizens.* From being the morally highest nation, a true republican democracy, it shot down into a sordid plutocracy, all its ideals gone, diseased to the core with the ancient vices of the wealth and power worshiping monarchies of Europe. It is the middle class that caused this, because its soul went to rot in greed.

"And now the new Plutocracy, which this middle class laid as an egg from its vitals, turns on it as its Nemesis, swiftly wrenching from it the rag-

ged vestiges of its power and manhood, and changing it from a self-poised independent class to a horde of hireling serfs. And still it has no virtue to return to principle and those high earlier ideals of national grandeur in equality, and to strike for a new liberty. The workers are right in emancipating themselves from the middle class, repudiating its premiership, spewing its gross hypocritical ideals out. There is no health in it."

The professor exclaimed cheerfully: "You don't hurt my feelings by your scorn of the middle class, which I believe is historically just, but not theoretically so. Much is correct in fact which cannot be permitted in theory, my dear young lady. Take care of your theories and your facts will take care of themselves. Professors are above the middle class. We belong socially to the Plutocracy."

"You ride in the petticoat folds of the Plutocracy," laughed Margaret. "You sometimes marry an errant daughter of their clan, you're luckier than their coachmen about that. A few weeks ago the president of the country went to Philadelphia and was invited by a prominent man of wealth to meet the six or seven hundred most important men of the city. That town has a university, and one of its professors, moved by pride of position, went over the list of guests to see

how many of its faculty were important men. How many do you think had been recognized? Not one. Capitalists know the professors are a safe and harmless lot and they don't need to respect them to keep them good.

"But you say, Professor, that the workers do not care for 'all that goes to make the greatness of civilization; for arts, sciences, literature, and so forth,' and you assert that these would disappear if the workers came on top. What I ask you is, how much the middle class and the plutocrats have cared for these things? Our so-called art is trivial and childish, its producers are meek beggars of the rich for the means to subsist—typical fruit of that middle class, devoid of intellect or courage to declare and obtain their economic rights, scornful, even, of them, for a gift in the hat from the rich—a picture ordered, or a ticket to their mendicant patronessed concert purchased. Art from such sources must be nerveless, insipid, sterile, stale. And it is.

"As to sciences, they have fared slightly better because they related to material wealth and were fondled by the Rich and Demi-rich as means to further enrichment. Yet there is work without limit waiting and needing to be done for the good of mankind in the multitudinous branches of science, while there are none to undertake it. For

there are no resources to raise up and pay the scientists, although they work for the butler's salary of a rich man, and the most renowned and useful of them receive the pay of his cook.

"Science is literally starved, though the wealth of the country is nearly a hundred billion dollars. But it is concentrated and monopolized, the people do not have it and cannot turn it to science for general good. The eight hundred Trusts, rapidly consolidating together, have it. The owners of it do not care for science or general good, being too crude and uncultivated, savage and self-pampering, for that; they care for costly eating, palaces, jewels, stables, kennels, automobiles, yachts, voluptuous luxury and dizzying ostentation.

"The wedding of one of their scions the other day, who has already in his brief possession of the earth consumed more wealth, creating none, than tons of workingmen, creators of wealth, are allowed in a lifetime, cost thousands, enough to keep many scientists working for the good of all men for many years. Imagine it! We had to feed it all to these useless butterflies in one day, with presents that would have made King Solomon pale. This is the way we love science, for we do not *have* to cram our riches into butterflies' stomachs, we could put it into science for the good of

us all *if we wished to.* We could flip the butterflies off.

"And owing to the great figure cut by these cultureless rich cavorting in frivolous grandeur before the world, most of the young with privilege and brains launch themselves into life to cheaply copy them, not turning their strength to science and the rarer things that shall make men a finer, happier and grander type.

"For the service of mankind, for the lifting and regeneration of the masses, from whom the sciences draw their life, the career of the sciences has been a wonder and a shame. Invention, the brother of science, has flourished marvelously, especially in the pastime objects of embellishment for the great buyers, yet one of your own writers confesses, 'Those who contemplate the greater command over the means of production which has been placed within our reach by the age of invention, cannot but feel a sense of disappointment that so little has resulted for the happiness of the human race.' And scientists are like artists and our smile-searching literary guild, softened by the same middle-class dissolvent, Plutocracy-homage. Let us call our literary constellation excavators of smiles, court jesters, amusers, vaudeville dancers with the pen. Scientists, cloistered in their laboratories and riding the one-legged god Evolution,

let society stagger down its course, despoiled of political freedom by the Boss, and of the most sacred rights of manhood and improvement by the Plutocrat. Such are the human fruits of science in its own field.

"And literature. 'Sold out' is the inscription on it. The press, bought up for business jobs by the rich. Its power to educate prostituted to make the people believe—in the rich. Truth, denied when a lie serves the plot against society, of the rich. The people's rightful Voice, for such is the newspaper press, degraded to an agency to blind, not to enlighten, because Plutocracy and Enlightenment are enemies. For Plutocracy owns the press. Books are like bills proposed in Congress: such as can serve some financial interest are passed, all others are killed in the Committee of Publishers. Congress is not in its business for the health of legislation or the Nation, nor are publishers in their trade for the health of Literature or Mankind; they are both concerned in the effect of bills and books on their Wealth. Those writers alone are permitted to give the world books who can presumptively increase the publishers' wealth. The books that chiefly need to be written will not do this. These books are the real literature of the age, or would be if they came. They are not born because the minds that could create them know they

would be written only for burial in their desks. Nor have many who could make real books the income for leisure to produce them; and whoever would honestly earn wealth for leisure would have no vitality to invest in significant thinking and writing afterward. While most of the volumes that appear serve no end but the publishers', and both literature and society would be better if they had never seen the light, the mouths of thinkers who are worth hearing are successfully closed and their pens stilled.

"This," said Margaret, finishing, "is what our society, managed by the middle and plutocratic classes, has done for literature. It has exterminated it. It has destroyed all taste for good reading, the literature of thoughts and originality, of inspiration and action, of breadth and strength and light, by suppressing its publication. The press is more censored by the publishers' test and gauntlet of profits than a national bureau to expurgate all good things could impoverish it.

"Could the working class do worse than this? Is anything worse left to do?

"One of the strongest forces toward the impending revolution is the decision of the workers to enter into the Kingdom of Science, Literature and Art. The saying that these things will die when that class obliterates plutocracy is untrue. False

literature and art will die, as they ought to. The venal art for instance pursued for kings and capitalists at which Leopold the Libertine, of Belgium, gibed: 'Sculptors are forever talking of high art because it's their business to be paid for disfiguring public parks and places with cross-eyed royal statues.' True art and literature and a science devoted to universal life and happiness will live. They will enter new fields and create new types. The dreary vacuity of literature and art which makes us marvel at their face to exist will give place to magical products of strength and spirit. The liberated genius of the working class will contribute most to this."

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE professor with the small shining eyes was not satisfied; pulling something* from under his chair he was on his feet again.

"You have carefully evaded the main issue," he snapped. "I have a book here which demolishes such ideas as yours very neatly," and he proceeded to read:

"In exchange for their rations, which the ubiquitous theorists and agitators of our time promise him, the worker would perform his work under the surveillance of State functionaries, like so many convicts under the eye and hand of the warder. All individual motive would be stifled, and each worker would rest, sleep, and eat at the bidding of headmen put in authority over matters of food, work, recreation, and the perfect equality of all.

"All stimulus being destroyed, no one would

*Le Bon.

make an effort to ameliorate or to escape from his position. It would be slavery of the gloomiest kind, without a hope of enfranchisement. Under the domination of the capitalist the worker can at least *dream* of becoming, and sometimes does become a capitalist in his turn. What dream could he indulge in under the anonymous and brutally despotic tyranny of a levelling State which should foresee all his needs and direct his will? Some one has remarked that the social organization would be very like that of the Jesuits of Paraguay. Would it not resemble rather the organization of the negroes on the old slave plantations?"

"This indictment comes from what country?" asked Margaret.

"France."

"And is an attack on the idea of substituting popular ownership for capitalist ownership so that the product of labor-capital work might be somewhat nearly equally distributed?"

"Yes."

"Was not the idea of well diffused income that on which America throve until 1860?"

"It was."

"But you think it would be dangerous now?"

"Yes, since we have found how generous millionaires are to colleges I see that diffusion of income would require central, collective ownership of

capital, the means of income, which would erect a tyrannous State."

"Did not diffused, fairly equal incomes, by developing the many, produce the many strong individuals that built us into a great nation?"

"I admit that."

"And you think that under headship of a few giant capitalists popular strength will continue to be generated?"

"By no means," hastened the professor.

"And you are willing to see it lost?"

"Not willing, because its loss will deplete our national power, but as countries grow older there's no way to save this individual popular strength. We make up for it by increasing the *number* of units, all lower ones."

"Your doctrine is one of despair then."

"The history of humanity compels it. The gospel of intelligence is enlightened despair."

"Of respectable, academic, plutocracy-fed intelligence, yes, but not of popular, unfeminated intelligence. Academies seldom know there is a popular question till the people have solved it. The problem of the age is establishment of approximate equality of incomes. Capitalists say we shall have state tyranny if we solve that. Why? Because the capitalist banditti are in the saddle of tyranny now and want to stay, so they make up stories to

frighten us. But we should look back. Before 1860 the people were carrying few of these capitalist riders, the common people (not common then) were well up toward equality, and the result? All things went to produce happiness and energy as seldom before in the world.

"It is crippled reasoning to conclude that those whose fathers had ability to manage life well in this country for ninety years under diffusion of general income have not themselves ability to do it again under new conditions, and do it without state tyranny. Our people are trained to personally conduct industry; the generation that individually owned and managed has not yet passed; only the last ten years have seen the dizzy growth of monopoly transform the independent owner into the hired commercial speck. The long-bred capacity for free control remains in the people, it should be utilized and preserved before final extinction. The restoration of liberty and initiative will come by reinstating all in ownership; that must be done by their entrance as active partners into the present great organizations of industry.

"Where lies the 'State tyranny' in this? Where the 'servitude of the workers'? What 'surveillance by state functionaries' is there, or workers 'like so many convicts under the eye of the warder'? The state does not take over the industries or conduct

them; the people collectively do not appropriate them to a collective centralized ownership and management; the people enter into the industries as they are, as owners instead of hirelings, those identified with each species of industry as employés passing forward in it as partners. The next great industrial step is for all men to be at the same time workers, owners and directors in the wide industrial corporations. The exclusive capitalist owner of to-day totally disappears, all become capitalist owners.

"This is the joint-stock idea broadened to include every one and elicit the best faculty in all by giving them the rewards of owning and the progressive exercise of management; for after the transition stage of training, direction would centre in the joint ownership, as the management of a democratic church organization does. Complete self- or membership-government is easy to realize when the spurious right of some to plunder through private holding and its insatiate graspingness is dissolved."

"A very pretty idea," growled the professor, who now began to see into it for the first time, "but it will take a million years of education to get human nature ready for it."

"Certainly it will, of present college education," Margaret answered, "though I think it would need

two million; but it will not take ten years of an intelligent, truthful, and direct education. Even now you can hear the growing people splitting the buttons of capitalism, although they don't yet know what they will put on in its place. The most conservative begin to see great social danger if the people are not restored to fuller ownership. A Chicago judge* lately said:

"'The separation of labor from proprietorship, the separate mobilization of these two forces as enemies, instead of their commingling in common interest, is the most unrepublican and menacing fact that now confronts the American people. The consolidation idea, thus far, has accentuated this menace. It has done what is still more menacing: *in narrowing the personnel of the proprietorship of the country* it is detaching from the friends of property the great liberal body of citizenship. . . . Will the great body of the people, excluded from participation in the property of the country, remain loyal to the order of things to which property must look for its bulwark? Can we expect a bystander to have the interest of one who has a stake in events? Can we invoke the name of America in an order of events that, in their practical outcome, are essentially un-American and unrepublican? . . . .

*Grosscup.

Not until the time when the property acquiring instinct of the country is again unified upon a basis fair alike to all, can we rest assured that the outcome of the encounter need be no longer feared.'

"The judge then asks what is such a fair basis, and whether the people will under any conditions to any large extent 'enter the field of corporate ownership,' and his reply is wholly feeble. He can only say that he believes they will when 'once corporate organization and management are cleared of pitfalls.' Then, he thinks, 'the American people will be found ready to take up again their share in the proprietorship of the country.'

"*But how are they to get it?* He does not tell us, though this is the crux. Undoubtedly many people would like to have back their share in proprietorship which the rich combines have taken away from them. For example, those whom a Rockefeller sent to the wall in forming the Standard would doubtless like to have what he took of theirs back, how are they to get it? 'He (Rockefeller) applied under-selling for destroying his rivals' market with the same deliberation and persistency that characterized all his efforts, and in the long run he always won.' A partner of the Citizens' Oil Refining Company, of Pittsburg, testified to Congress:

"'In 1874 I went to see Rockefeller, to find if we could make arrangements with him by which we could run a portion of our works. It was a very brief interview. He said there was no hope for us at all. He remarked this—I cannot give the exact quotation—"There is no hope for us," and probably he said, "There is no hope for any of us;" but he says "The weakest must go first." And we went.'

"The railroads discriminated in Rockefeller's favor in freight rates, and this broke his rivals down. It was a secret discrimination, in which the roads violated their charters and repudiated their honor toward the public. They had assured the public that rates were equal, thus adding falsehood to crime. 'It was four years before those who suffered from the discriminations were able to get the railroad officials into court and secure proof of them.' By that time the evil had been done. The other day the Standard Company paid $19,400,000 as a quarterly dividend of 20 per cent., of which Rockefeller alone received $8,000,000, or nearly half. Its annual dividend is about $80,000,000, its founder's part of this $32,000,000. This is his reward for taking away the independent business of all other oil refiners, paid him by a grateful nation. How are those whom he 'relieved' to get their share in proprietor-

ship back? Judge Grosscup does not say. This hold-up stands as a permanency. The friends of private property, as it is, never attempt to correct past crimes and evils. They are satisfied if they can prevent just enough future crimes to keep the great principle of private property intact.

"However, that is what they cannot do. The people ask how these great frauds of the past are to be undone, and eternal tribute-paying based on these frauds stopped. Nor will they ever rest until they are undone. There is a great difference between the popular mind and the mind that lives on vested interests: the vested interest minds are unconcerned about past crimes because they more or less live on them. But the results of a past crime are cumulative and imperishable if the conditions of the crime are not removed. Industrial absorption cannot be held stationary, it has an internal law of its own, and has only begun its work, the evolution of the Standard crime which held up the nation has no limits and no possible stoppage as property theories are. Follow its course:

"Rockefeller's thirty-two million gift from the people needs investment. With it he buys other industries, making monopolies of them like the Standard. By these his annual income is raised to fifty, one hundred, two hundred millions. This

he annually invests, buying, buying, buying industries. He applies the same monopoly methods to their management that gives the Standard 20 per cent. quarterly dividends. That method is the simplest—turn the screws on the public till they disgorge what dividend you want. Turning the screws is merely raising the price of a necessary product. You can do it by a word in the telephone when you own all the industries that make the product. When all American industries are bought in by dividends thus screwed from the people, the industries of the Old World, Asia and Africa can be purchased with the aggregate annual dividends. The whole world can be 'swiped' with a show of commercial honor after the first unspeakable dishonor. The size of commercial honor is to screw from the country all the dividend you can get, and undersell competitors till you have routed them out of business and you have a monopoly of the whole thing.

"There is no 'thimble rigging' or 'pitfalls' in this; it is straight business of the honorable curved business kind. Will the Chicago judge tell how the people are to resume their proprietorship in these absorbed industries? He speaks as if they all had but to debonairly decide to take a partnership with the absorbers, and the thing were done.

"Evidently they can do no such thing. The same wealth-gathering power of large property which made the first steps possible ensures the full completion of the process; indeed, that power is far more intensely operative now because the concentrated aggregates of property are so prodigiously greater. The people are ousted lastingly from proprietorship. The Trusts make all the money and the people cannot save any to buy into them. If they save, the screws of price are turned and away flow the savings back to the Trusts. The people now have no stake in the industry of the country. The people are now facing the great Absorbers as enemies. They see them clearly at last as commercial bandits and buccaneers. The condition which the Chicago jurist feared is here —'The separation of labor from proprietorship, the separate mobilization of these two forces as enemies.' This 'most unrepublican, un-American, menacing fact' now exists.

"It is clear, too, that there is but one way out of it. That is by ousting the ousters. The few absorbers may try to buy up support for what they have done (support of the rights of property they call it, support of the privilege of unlimited freebooting being what it is) by some sort of stock distribution on easy terms among the class that has still a remnant left to buy with, thus

aiming to engage that class to defend their interests. This will fail. The old sore of past robbery will not close. And the great buccaneers are too greedy. Some new unprincipled plunger will arise any minute and sweep in all these helpless small fry have left. (They call him unprincipled because he does not limit himself to sharing tricks with his colleague absorbers, but plays a lone game.) There is no more ruth than real intelligence among the Great Gang. They will again fleece this small fry, and then will have it all against them.

"But it is now too late to bribe the little capitalists with the bones of concession, anyway. A man once sand-bagged and robbed does not feel easy alone with his robber anywhere, even if the robber offers him a dollar of the thousands he stole, at a low rate of interest. It is going to be hard for the Great Gang to get its collar back on the men they have already stripped so unconscionably.

"However, there is a final entirely new aspect of the case. The attitude of the great mass of the people, whose base is composed of the muscular class, has changed. The hand toilers have a new idea of property learned from the brilliant fraud by which the people were juggled of proprietorship. They know that under this private property régime they can never be safe; they will never

trust it in its present shape again. They are always at the mercy of those who have robbed them of all stake in the country. The methods used for it have taught them what great private fortunes rest on—always either on fraud or a form of screwing, which is fraud. But their great illumination is this: the colossal frauds or absorptions have given their few conductors a simply stupendous cinch on the nation's labor and wealth; their vantage now for perpetual extraction of wealth from the people is infinite. The fraud does not stop, it goes on, the people forever paying the bill. This huge owning of everything by the few and their collection of huge dividends because they own—immense annual robbings because of the gigantic success of their first mighty steal—make the many, commercial valets of the Great Gang.

"A position which the inheritors of the American continent repudiate. And their repudiation means Change. The *past* crimes must be righted. Sons of the men who fired King George will ditch Pocket-Book Kings.

"Now the people cannot annul past wrongs without *all of them* returning to proprietorship. It would soothe Grosscup if enough could share proprietorship on a small scale to keep the rest out and awed. Every vested interest intellect

would like that. Happily the sentiment is senile. The new doctrine of the world is that *all* have a right to own, that all *must* own, that all *shall* own. When this doctrine is grasped, the modern position of mankind is mastered. Days, years and decades should be spent by vested interest intellects to comprehend this. Exclusion ownership is ended. Curse the fact, deny it, refute it—it remains. Property henceforth goes round Man, not man round Property.

"The whole people have seen demonstrated how the few got their wealth away. That lesson was laid on welt after welt with a commercial rawhide. Out of the people came the monstrous private wealth, back to the people it must go.

"How? Logically by the full individual partnership of all in these Trusts.

"It is impossible to sift out now of how much each has been robbed; that were needless. A restoration to his share in the energies of production is equitable restoration. The constitution of an order in which none can be robbed again. That is perpetual equity.

"The industrial trend focuses to this solution. The movements to take the people partially in by profit sharing and the sale of fractional stock to the workers are signs of the breeze that will soon be a tempest. The principle that they must own

in the works begins to be recognized, they will do the rest. For the principle is a travesty unless the ownership is equal. The industries cannot be divided up among the people, they cannot be split again into little private industries, the advantages of consolidation, mass-capital, and labor saving cannot be lost, yet the few shall not engorge the benefits: therefore, to restore the people to proprietorship, give them a stake in the country, remove the menace of class war, make the nation again republican and American, and give the people the benefit of inventions, machinery and industry which they made and built up, the people one and all must be accepted as owning equals into the great concerns."

CHAPTER XIX.

"You have the faith of ignorance," retorted another professor, with sarcasm; "it is clear you are uneducated."

Margaret continued:

"The plan before you conforms to the native Anglo-Saxon principle of local self-government. Collective ownership nationally might turn out to be monarchical. All centralizing of management is monarchical. Whether the collective ownership is centralized in a State such as we now have, or in a theoretically popularized State, the principle and the result might be monarchical. There would need to be a hierarchy of managers on a large scale, representative of the people and elected by the people, but this would not be popular self-management. The great size *invites* direction from above on a corresponding scale, which in so much weakens individual control. The American system of political representative government is but an adaptation of monarchical government, and only a slight departure from it. The people do

not rule though they intend and pretend to. Their agent-representatives (or the wealth-clique that directs their representatives) rule.

"This is inevitable. Delegated people always arrogate power not given them by their electors and make themselves an *over*-class. Centralization plays helplessly into the hands of this usurpation. The individual becomes less, the machine more. At length the machine is all. Be it ecclesiastical, political, or industrial machine, the law holds. Freedom, development and general strength are secured by increasing the direct action of individuals without the intervention of delegated agents. It is delegated agents that make a machine; when on the contrary all component individuals act together directly it is a sound living organism. In proportion as you add self-sustained strength to the units you increase the volume of power of the whole. Monarchies and representative republics have wilfully strayed from this law; capitalist industries have naturally copied them in forgetting it. The overweening instinct to be a king or a tribal chief over men in politics, religion, and industry, succeeds from men letting their representatives escape them, which escape is the prime property, prosperity, and conspiracy of representatives. The cure is abolition of representatives.

"Germany is a nation where self-government is least and centralization greatest; ideas of central and collective ownership thrive there best. The French have been trained for many centuries to look to their State for initiative; there the idea of general collective ownership guided from above finds effusive welcome. Action from diffused, local and personal initiative is more congenial to England, but it is supremely in accord with American nature, principles, and history. Not because we are brighter or have a drop more of nerve fluid, but because we were formed apart on an untamed virgin continent running over with opulence. Our acquired traits have been vitally strengthened by the circumstance that for a century and a quarter we have psychologically believed with sacrosanct intensity that we enjoy entire political equality and self-direction such as light never shined on in space. The psychological consequence has been somewhat the same as if we had possessed these boons. We have built up an intellectual certainty of our *right* to have them, from which it is very probable that in the near day we shall have them.

"Having learned that representative government and our political system are not self-government we meet two substratal problems: how to secure a system of true political self-management,

and how to avoid running our industries into the same mould that has misshaped and wrecked our politics—a mould which proved to be monarchical, produced a political abortion, and must now be revised. The system of self-directing industrial groups, their units owning the plants, will realize both of these purposes. The federated action of the groups, in team with the modified State representing the people in their wholeness, will, I have shown you, prevent the industrial partnerships from falling into rivalries; individual freedom and the measureless benefits of organization are combined by them; all workers and all men obtain complete enfranchisement; there are no classes; man would have laid off the commercial beast and taken on the beauty and power of humanity."

Margaret begged the professor to hand forward the book that had supported him, that she might re-read a choice passage.

"Under the domination of the capitalist the worker can at least *dream* of becoming, and sometimes does become, a capitalist in his turn. What dream could he indulge in under the anonymous and brutally despotic tyranny of a levelling State which should foresee all his needs and direct his will?"

"What an offer! What an impertinence to the

empire of toil! But as one of the unevictable owners of the world the worker would not have to starve on dreams. What a sea of pathos in those words—'the worker can at least *dream* of becoming a capitalist in his turn; and *sometimes* does become one!' How often? How many of them become such! Do you imagine that men can live forever on fraudulent dreams? And capitalism, by the swift solidifying of its organization, is shattering the frail substance of that simple dream. Less and less can the rare workingman break his way through the bastions of capital. This stern fact is wringing rueful admission from capitalists' own apostles. One of them says:*

"'Persons of exceptional ability are still able to force their way to the highest rungs on the social ladder, but those with ordinary attainments and abilities can hardly hope ever to advance to the grade above them. There are larger and larger numbers of people who feel that they have never had a chance of improving their position, and who resent the institutions of society which have condemned them and so many of their fellows to a life of drudgery.'

"But what have you to offer the myriad workingmen to compensate for limiting their chance to rise to one in possibly five hundred thousand or a

* Cunningham.

million? This economist like most others falls back on the ruse of giving them heaven in reward for their earthly drudgery, but since the heaven-lure in its original form is worn out he changes its name and calls his motive for their drudgery 'character.' This is supposed by economists, politicians, theologians, and capitalists to be heaven inside of you, not in your stomach or nerves of feeling but in your soul, a safe deposit for such things, which cannot be located. 'We must remember,' he pleads, 'that the highest development of character is quite compatible with accepting a [low] place in the social order and making the most of it. It is a mistake to assume that limitation of opportunity . . . must necessarily involve degradation.'

"Now this is what was told the slave. He could develop his character as well in slavery as in freedom. What more could he want than development of his character? Why should you yearn for freedom, with that pearl of all price in you, character? for freedom was nothing compared with character. But ask the white man if he will give up freedom and take slave-character-development for it. Is it not recognized that nothing is worse for the master as well as slave than the slave's slavery? that the talk of developing character outside of perfect freedom is a pompous fic-

tion? Under the iron capitalist régime approaching there can be no character for the huge cohorts of workers, for not a man of them will be free. Except a few brilliant accidents they will all die where they were born, having drudged all their monotonous lives. Your French author when he said 'All stimulus being destroyed, no one would make an effort to ameliorate or to escape from his position—it would be slavery of the gloomiest kind, without a hope of enfranchisement,' was accurately describing monarchical industry as it is unfolding, although aspiring to be its apologist."

CHAPTER XX.

A PROFESSOR of Sociology expressed his wish to be heard.

"I believe," said he, modestly, "that I am the first who has scientifically placed the rich man on his proper economic pedestal. I boldly admit that nearly all private wealth of the rich has been unearned by the owners. That gives me a title to economic fame, for although we all know it well every thinker has shuddered at the dangers of allowing it as a doctrine. I dared, and have cleared the rocks. We economists are like doctors, if we blab the truth we should lose our patients and what could we then do with the mysteries of our brains?—we might have to be useful to earn our daily bread. So we need to fabricate big systems of nonsense to show the spellbound population our ability, and then, not understanding a tenth that we say, nor understanding it ourselves, when we let out a plain simple truth now and then, which they know

to be true, and which could have been told a hundred times better without a confusion system, they shout at our depth and hire us to teach their boys our fairy tales of nonsense philosophy. They wouldn't think we had a bit of sense if we didn't bluff them with a circus of scholarly nonsense. And that no one may take them for fools for believing in us when we talk pure incomprehensible rot which they want to believe to be a spouting geyser of sagacity, they put body guards on our names of ominous detachments of letters, Professor Doctor A. M. Ph.D. LL.D., which have as much sense as our quackery systems, which mean nothing to them or anybody, but stupefy the public and their children into blithering respect for us. We earn our salaries by those letters. They defend the rich. Dear knows what we should do for life if they asked us for anything clean and square. It isn't in *us*. But the rich don't pay for the clean and square; if you want to sell, have what the rich want to buy. Sell your soul for your stomach's sake, is the first economic doctrine. Stomachs were made before souls.

"So we teach our soap-bubble systems of nonsense to youth in colleges to make them pass with the awe-stricken public for profundities like ourselves when they defend the rich. For defending the rich is the great gold brick of which the glori-

ous three-card-monte sciences of Economy and Sociology travail and toil, steam and smoke and howl, to deliver themselves.

"I bare my soul fearlessly because I find that our heavy respectabilities trust me more naturally when I confess that I am a fraud.

"Now from time to time we have to shift our economic station and burn new Bengal lights of intelligence to blind popular insight. I have done this in my new work. We are driven by the dangerous growth of knowledge in the masses to abandon the soft old feather-bed postulate that the rich earn their wealth. That, permit me to observe, is gas. And now as rich men's economic attorneys, we're called on for brand-new reasons, with the trade-mark of God and Nature on them, why the earners of nothing are entitled to relatively everything. You might suppose that would 'phase' even a thinker. But you can't rattle the economists when a job is in sight. They can think out anything, easiest of all they can think the working class out of a living. They get a better one themselves for doing it, and that's why they do it. I'm one and know.

"Well, we not only can show the masses that they cannot have what they earn, but like king-magicians we show them *that it is better for them not to have what they earn.* But wait, we'll amaze

your dreams: we'll establish the eye-blistering paradox *that the rich in a way create the riches they do not create.** It is easy for thinkers to set up and tear down nature's axioms. The rich create riches which they do not create *by their use* of the riches other people create. Now it is done and Political Economy has weathered the Horn. Now let us get down to thinking and I will prove myths in detail."

The professor loosened his cravat, asked for a glass of water and proceeded.

"First, I will name the sources of private wealth to show that the rich never earned what they have. The sword, slaves, use of political power, special legislation, grab bills, bought bills. These are numerous in Albany and scarce nowhere. This is the get-rich-quick specialty of 'first citizens.' Tariffs. Foreign trade with uncivilized peoples, exploiting them. Civilizing the uncivilized [Philippines]. Monopolized inventions, usually by a capitalist, not the inventor. Differential gains, always unfair. Monopolies. Scarcities, by which the people are robbed. Discoveries of nature's gifts to all (minerals, land) and private seizure of them. Successful gambling, stock speculating, corners. Immense charges for personal services, never earned. Fraud of all kinds; adulteration.

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Extortion. Wrecking great properties. Watering stock, forcing the public to pay dividends on non-existent capital. Consolidations—watering the labor saved into new fictitious capital on paper. Wage exploitation, that is, payment of a wage less than the sum the workers create. Unearned increase of land values. Interest. Rent. Unjust use of power over judges, courts and laws.

"In fact the rich have all become so by systematic confiscation from the workers. We do not give the laborer all the product of his industry by a long stretch and we do not intend to. As that famous Austrian savant, Dr. Menger, audaciously confesses: 'The legally recognized existence of unearned income proves in itself that our law of property does not even aim at obtaining for the laborer the whole product of his industry.' And he explains: 'The owner's title to unearned income is founded, not in economic conditions, but in a positive legal enactment, and it is peculiarly important in the case of such property that his title should be supported by corresponding effectual power.'

"The learned Doctor is, however, amazingly careless and even censurably reckless to publicly found the right of unearned property on law and force. What is that but telling the workers there is no right whatever but might? He tells the work-

ers that through all the ages their property has been taken from them by those with 'effectual power.' That means robbed by chicanery backed by force, for of course if you have no right to a thing but make a law saying you have a right to it, that is chicanery; and since force is the only agency that makes a chicanery law valid, the sole basis of the unearned riches of the rich in all the ages has been Force. Menger makes the right of the rich to rob the creators of their wealth rest upon pure Might. But this is a very dynamite doctrine, for *the toilers now have the Might.*

"Menger assures the rich that law and force confer right to take unearned property from its creators: but how much more then do they give the right to its creators and earners to take the property non-earners have taken from them back! Suppose law and force give men a *moral right* to hold their robbings: the robbed have but to pass laws and put forth force to retake and morally own their own. This reasoning is clinching; the workers are entitled to exercise the methods of their fleecers to reverse the situation in their favor. Menger should be adjudged insane for telling the truth. A religious flyer on his doctrine was needed to make a good sane lie of it. He should have rested the owner's right on Religion as I do, which quiets and appeases the nether masses and teaches

them that force can only be used with divine propriety by those whose riches entitle them to the blessings of the Lord. I tremble to think of the incendiary consequences of Menger's bravado.

"Since we are now obliged by popular discovery of facts to admit that the great fortunes have always been great grabs, made and sustained by confiscation, how are we to re-reconcile private confiscated riches to the great laws of Right which we must manufacture in our brains to awe the people? I have laid the correct foundations in my work on 'The Justice of Confiscation.' I show that Increase of Population, Art, the Glory of the State, and Religion, are the bulwarks and righteousness of confiscation. Turn to the Civilized Theory of Servant and Master on page four hundred and eighty-three.* There I say:

" 'The relation of master and servant must be well understood if we are to understand the significance of accumulated property in civilized countries. For such property implies rights not only over things *but also over persons.* But these rights would be an idle name *unless conferring an advantage on the holder;* whence it is obvious, as already stated, that the person over whom the property-owner has rights, must yield if he be an industrial servant, a surplus product, and that this

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surplus constitutes for the master an unearned income.'

"Old Dr. Johnson rejected as a fantastic opinion the idea that inequality should be abolished and none should domineer over another. 'Mankind are happier in a state of inequality and subordination,' says that autocrat of intelligence. The domineering and the domineered rejoice in the situation. It calls out very blessed virtues on both sides. When the workers understand the four reasons for inequality and the right of the few to confiscate their labor, they will be the warmest supporters of the rights of being confiscated from and of being domineered over. Attend now to these reasons.

"I. 'Industrial organization requires inequality. For with men as they are, the eagerness to make a fortune and live in ease and abundance is a needed spur to concerted labor, elaborate production, improvements, and inventions. Without this motive the increase of population and corresponding subjugation of the earth would be hindered.' "

"Let me answer one argument at a time," requested Margaret. "Have you anything to add?"

"I might add that the rich are of great value to the poor by devoting a part of the surplus which they confiscate to their welfare. Thus in a sense the rich really earn their confiscated income by

giving part of it back to the poor from whom they take it."

"Is that an original argument with you?" asked Margaret.

"Yes, on page four ninety-six of my book."

"Pray go on, Professor, you improve your case every time you speak."

The learned scholar continued: "I will state another important discovery of mine. There must be a surplus indeed, or there could be no rich people; and in this sense the poor support the rich. But precisely the prospect of being a recipient of the surplus is the ground of much of the industrial energy, skill and proficiency which renders a surplus possible; and in that sense the rich support the poor. That is to say, the poor who create all the wealth are stimulated to do so and to increase the surplus wealth by the knowledge that it is to be mostly taken from them by the idle. In this way the rich certainly earn their incomes by inciting the poor to work harder through the knowledge that if they do not all will be taken from them and they will have nothing. Put as a law, The certainty of the poor that the product of their toil will be confiscated is the incentive which causes them to produce a surplus to be confiscated. From which it is demonstrated that the poor would be worse

off without the rich because they would work much less and have much more."

"Professor," said Margaret, dazed by the bewildering logic of the recondite collegian she had listened to, "the eagerness to make a fortune and live in ease does not spur the idle upper class to actually work creatively and produce wealth, but rather to scrape about for a scheme to get a surplus income from the real toilers without working for it. That is not work, it is cultured crookedness; the prize you bait men with incites to gentlemanly confiscation, not usefulness. And it is not the hope of making a fortune that causes the poor to labor so terribly, for they have no such hope, the countless mass of them know infallibly that they cannot do it—and yet they work. This refutes you. Men will work without the bribe of a fortune. They will give out all that is in them in toil without the cowardly anticipation of stealing from the toil of others. For I know of nothing so cowardly withal as the capitalist's basis of life. Yes, these workers toil strenuously and fiercely without the slightest expectation of anything but existence for it. And if you added to their hope of existence the certainty of having all they produce instead of the certainty of being robbed of the bulk of it, they would, it is self-evident, work more intelligently and ably, and society would be richer

than now by all that increase, in place of poorer. If you also coerced the drone surplus-receivers to actual work, to earn instead of stealing, there would be still more riches and still more incentive.

"It is needless for me to prove the worthlessness of a population of drudges, or of subjugating the earth to give the few masters a larger crop of domineered and pauperized labor from which to extort their fabulous waste. Who but an economist would dare set the luxuries of a small boxful of financial sheiks against the weal of an entire world? You will have to try another defense of inequality."

The professor now read his second argument.

"II. The development of science, beautiful literature, music and arts, requires an upper class provided with leisure and servants; and therefore requires inequality; and therefore inequality is necessary to man's welfare."

"Science, music, literature, and arts," said Margaret, "are not goods in and for themselves, they are only so for people. For those whom they do not reach they are not blessings, they do not even exist. The poor, the most of the population, are prisoned away from these delights, which for them are nothing in every sense. Is the growth of these matters which do not touch them of the faintest consequence to them? Shall they and their

off-births down the ages groan on to produce vacant abstractions which might be in Mars for them, and are only realities and luxuries for others? To do so assumes those abstractions to be a good apart from people—a limpid absurdity—or that their engrossers attain through them an intrinsic worth warranting the self-erasure of the masses. Do science, literature and art result so gloriously in the characters of these monopolists that most of mankind are right in reducing themselves to mere fertilizers of the soil for these illustrious elect to flourish in?

"No such resultant bloom greets us in the personalities of the art and science-favored. Art, science, and literature are not for them objects of high and generous pursuit, inspiring great and intelligent lives, but means of selfish gratification, a sordid exclusive luxury; or, with their anointed apostles and producers, the bread and luxury gaining trade. We do not find scientists, artists, musicians or the literary caste possessed of large hearts or noble mental vision; their thoughts of justice and humanity are as petty and pusillanimous as those of the commerical mob; their psychic delicacy and responsiveness are too slight to be moved to devotion to the high rights and possibilities of the human race. Heavily and dully they take society as fixed and abide its wrongs with

artistic content; if prodded they flute the nursery sageness—We must accept the order of nature. The roué cynic scientist is the unholiest attribute of the All-Deity. The order of nature is the order of those who order their pictures, music, or books, or who lift them into the precious peace and competence of a laboratory. The buyers of art, its rich second-hand enjoyers, make it a ray in the headlight of their billionairy triumph, which testifies itself to man by display.

"These are the princely qualities that are fertilized by the self-destroying drudgery of the human drove.

"And what other should we expect of the art and science owning classes? They fail in the fundamental test put to them as human beings: they are willing to receive art and all thinkable enjoyment from others as a gift; they accept it as pensioners from the masses, making no return; they are paupers to the toiling people, who donate them support and pleasure, as parents do spoiled and slothful children—for nothing. They naturally reach out for all they can get, as spongy beneficiaries ever do. They come to think their idleness and uselessness a pillar of mankind. Art would not be produced if it were not done for us, they argue, and see how necessary art is. The world would hardly be the world without it. But necessary for

what? for whom? To give these unnecessary persons a few more savory sensations.

"Can anything very distinguished in value germinate from people who accept this false and detestable position? If they were sound they would determine to pay for what they have, to pay their debts. They would see that those who furnish them livelihood and the substance to purchase science and art, should receive equivalent in return—that is they would earn their own living and not filch it as an unearned income secured to them safely by law and force.

"But as they shirk this and gladly embrace the post of social paupers they may be trusted to behave in other respects as paupers and only to develop pauper virtues. Little that is good can come from a mob so low in the scale of intelligence as not even to see the universal injury of draining the lives of others. Art, science, literature, music, can make nothing valuable of such. Neither do they. And these charity-receivers, 'cultured' at the cost of the poor, can make nothing valuable of themselves without first canceling their fundamental sin, and paying for their existence.

"Would you know the moral grade to which many of our artists sink under the patronage of these unearned-income takers, look to what uses they abase their talents. Because there is so slight

encouragement to growing art from the monarchs of the purse, just for the necessaries of life some are consuming their genius manufacturing hideous corrupting cartoons in ink and paint for the defilement of the nation through the Sunday press. Good men would starve first. Why this rolling in the mire? Because art is for the few and is not for the people. Wealth being stored in the big bags of the few, the many cannot buy or further art. If they could, they would not be paying immortality figures for dead men's work but would be purchasing the products of the living, helping them to live, not at stupid exorbitant prices but at fair ones that would give the artists security and freedom to evolve the true art in them. And the masses of art enjoyers, the people, would then develop a true sense and taste for art, such as the present surface-display classes never do. Which of the methods is better for the blooming and splendor of art, music, literature, and science—for the same reasoning is true of them all?

"But I say again, the apostles of these things are chiefly blameworthy, for having been blessed with peculiar opportunities of intelligence they neglect liberty, justice, and equality, through which alone all the high pursuits thrive, and like serfs and lackeys sell themselves to cater to the purse-proud, receiving starvation, or soup and contempt."

CHAPTER XXI.

THE professor did not deign an answer, but read his third argument to establish the righteousness of unearned incomes and inequality.

"III. It is impossible without accumulated riches and great inequality of incomes to attain any great development of political life; nor could any one exult in the possession of a noble fatherland, or the citizenship of a great empire. In truth, the mighty fabric of an imperial State is no mere aggregate of equal parts or of equal partners, but implies inequality of parts, and subordination as the requisite of order."

Margaret once more restrained her amazement at the good man's naïve apology and said:

"There was notable evenness of fortunes and of social equality for nearly a hundred years in this country, and the state survived and waxed great. What now threatens its subversion and violent overthrow is inequality, the congestion of wealth in the plethoric veins of some and inanition everywhere else.

"Our Commercial Bureau figures the worth of our internal commerce, the wealth we produce for exchange annually, at twenty billion dollars. In 1850 it was only two billion, now ten times greater. The population is but 3⅓ times more than then, the wealth having multiplied three times faster than the population. Had wealth remained as equitably spread as even in 1850 all would be at least three times better off than they were at that time.

"But we did not then have our Czars of Production. Now an Oil Czar lifts the price $1.47 a barrel to profit by the coal strike, and in five months transfers six million dollars from the people's pockets to his own. Each King of a Product does likewise. The millions are pauperized and the Czars bulge into multi-billionaires. The halcyon days before 1850 are already enshrined as the golden memory of a mystic régime of mankind.

"What have the depleted 'citizens' to be proud of in such a State? What is the State become but the Force that protects their depleters, the police agency that executes their eviction? Such a state is no friend of the many, but is the mercenary guard that holds the rifle over them in its paid office of awing them to submit to their naught-earning, all-seizing plunderers. The people are like convicts sentenced by an industrial autocracy.

Do you fancy they will be proud of their overseers? and cheer for their overseers' flag? Would you have asked the negro slaves to be proud of the United States Government which chased them back into bondage? Are the political prisoners, deported by Russian State Majesty to Siberia for asking their rights, proud of the Russian State? The State is everywhere the monster machine for guaranteeing the incomes to those who do not earn them, and for branding and condemning as criminals those who attempt to maintain their own."

"Patriotism is a virtue you don't seem to have," remarked the professor ironically.

"Do you pretend that these State-disrupters and people's-wealth monopolists are patriots?" demanded Margaret. "They have patriotism for the state machine, as long as it is their private sheriff to supply force to back their raids on the incomes of the people. Should the state be just, their patriotism would turn to gnashing rage.

"I am patriotic for a state that exists for Equality, and a World-State where all who work shall be brothers and they who will not work shall be quarantined as defectives, for reform."

"A world I could not possibly enjoy, nor any cultured man," drawled the scholar with disgust. "But now I come to my grand argument, the im-

pregnable defenses of a drone class, Morality and Religion. How great a thing is Religion! How many slaves has it not delivered from temptation by delivering them to the hangman!

"IV. Although without inequality many virtues can be practised, yet a multitude of others require inequality for their existence, reverence, obedience, innumerable deeds of kindness, generosity, self-denial, and submission to the dispositions of Providence; all of them virtues of singular fitness for man on earth; where, as natural theology and ethics teach us, the immediate end of man is precisely the exercise of virtues.

"Christianity adds to these reasons its own peculiar arguments on the dignity and blessings of poverty. By equalizing all men, rich and poor, as partakers of the same religious mysteries, it teaches them to regard inequalities of wealth and power as minor matters."

The wise man was not laughing, he was reading from a book which he* had seriously composed to prove that while the rich do not earn their wealth they are yet entitled to it; and Margaret did not laugh at him.

"You would trade the religious mysteries off against bread and butter, education, health, leisure, liberty, the right of bloom and happiness in

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this world, against everything but drudgery—you would leave the people drudgery, and religious mysteries," she said with scorn in her voice. "And to the rich you give all these good things, *and the religious mysteries besides.* Strange people they are, hardly human one would say, who would let you parcel out the things of life for them like that! The masses can have their share of all the good things and the mysteries as well, when they want them.

"You belaud the virtues of inequality: there are none. They are called so by masters, because from their point of view obedience, servility, and the reverent attitude of the slave, dependent, or hired server, are his best qualifications—hence are given whole chapters in the ethic books as virtues. Not a whit of virtue have they. In free people they are vices. The equal and free co-operate; they name a foreman and take his advice—not his orders—not as a superior but as a specialist in one range of action, while in some other respects each of them has his own superiority. Wherever there is obedience from a sense of subordination and inferiority it shows the absence and not the presence of virtue. In a community of the intelligent the demand for obedience suggesting inequality would be an insult.

"Political and social degeneration invariably

appear when respect is given to office, implying the elevation of its occupant. This is one of the base remnants of monarchy still prevalent in our republic. Yet no one in any office is actually elevated one small inch by it, nor is there such a thing as greatness derived from place. There is *advertisement,* which is the whole substance of most modern greatness. Push, not quality, brings men to the hammer of the gong and they ring out their names and are 'great.' The proclivity to worship place—the blather of the gong—and its holders, was drubbed into pitiful mankind by master rulers; those who now discover this sneaking instinct in their hearts should suppress it with shame and tear it out.

"Much reverence is sheer stupidity. If not the callowness of unripe age or the whipped homage of fear, it is failure to see far into the reverenced character. The 'virtue' of it is weakness of penetration, which the reverenced object likes very much; he prays for deliverance from being seen through; for woe to reverence for him if he is understood. Is it virtuous to feel abased before attributes invented in another by our obtuseness? Something infinitely transcending reverence is love, and love is the flower of equality. Love does not grovel. It would be torture to the loved to see it grovel.

"The reality is that all sound virtues accredited to inequality spring from *difference of faculties and accomplishments.* Variety is confounded with inequality. Men will never be the same, were they so it would be a woeful world; yet that is not saying they will not be equal, in a glorious world. They are complements one of another with their varying abilities, furnishing out humanity in its rich diversification. And this truth solves the problem of inequality. The immense imaginary superiorities sink into differences, the possessors of variant qualifications are equal.

"The theory of needful inequality is born of the ethic of the spoiler toward the spoiled. The spoliator looks for a moral reason for his crimes and pounces greedily upon the divergent powers of men as nature's witness of intended superiority and baseness. Thus theory-mailed he sallies forth to despoil men of everything he can take if they are not athletes in his kind of superiority—the finished faculty to gouge. Rating superior those who have the keenest artistry in filching property from others is man's highest stool of imbecility. All the shafts against equality are turned aside by the humbug of this measurement. The rarest genius, the finest soul, the noblest character, the truest server, is low compared with this high faculty of piracy, getting without earning. But this

very fact reduces the claim of our getters to an absurdity. Estimated with sense it is a brutish ability, despicable instead of commendable, whose exercisers ought to be rather imbranded as villains than as society's precious high gods.

"All the virtues of service, kindness and love are possible among equals. In a neighborhood of farmers virtually equal in means there is plentiful need of generous helpfulness. If they have these virtues they exchange work and when one suffers unusual loss by fire or accident combine to help him repair it. If they were unequal, they could not do more unless they lifted the lesser one up and made him their equal, thus closing for themselves the opportunity to do more for the future. How morally different is this help of equals from the condescending and injurious dole of some rich man, who, receiving all his ownings from dependents, returns them when destitute a niggardly bit out of their own!"

The professor complacently turned the pages of his book. "You are not a scientific thinker," he observed, with a gracious beam of perfection, "and unless ideas are scientifically arranged none of them can be true. Unless a man has written a scientific work, I am always amused at him. I cover all ground and put everything in its place. For example, I quote from Goethe, whose wood-

cutters in "Faust" say plainly: 'But for us rude folk working in the land, you fine folk would fail utterly for all your wits, and would freeze unless we sweated.' And from the majestic Gibbon, who marked as obvious how 'in each successive revolution the patient herd becomes the property of its new masters; and the salutary compact of food and labor is silently ratified by their mutual necessities.' And from Renan, who wrote: 'The bulk of humanity lives by proxy, . . . millions live and die in order to produce a rare *élite;* the masses do not count, are a mere bulk of raw material, out of which, drop by drop, the essence is extracted.' And from Adam Smith, the father of all earthly wisdom, who let it escape him that, except in new colonies, 'rent and profit eat up wages, and the two superior orders of people oppress the inferior one.' Smith was the father among other things, of Anarchy, for he said: 'Civil government, so far as it is instituted for the security of property, is in reality instituted for the defense of the rich against the poor, or of those who have some property against those who have none at all.' He was right about this, but he was wrong in saying it. The truth should seldom be told.

"Malthus showed Smith how Providence and Ken take care of the poor: 'A man who is born

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into a world already possessed, if he cannot get subsistence from his parents on whom he has a just demand, and if the society do not want his labor, has no claim of *right* to the smallest portion of food, and, in fact, has no business to be where he is. At Nature's mighty feast there is no vacant cover for him. She tells him to be gone, and will quickly execute her own orders.' This is the deepest truth outside of the Bible, which is rather old and passé economically.

"How is the state of the world depicted by Goethe, Gibbon, Renan and Adam Smith to be justified? By Charity. Almsgiving must be abundant in proportion to inequality. The serving class must be allowed to have a family. Some sips of the beauties of literature and art must be granted. There must be food and clothing for them, housing and furniture, *at least such as a humane slave-owner would provide for his slave.* (See pages 498-499 of my book.)

"You must not lay much stress on the iniquitous origin of fortunes. The eagerness to make a fortune and live in ease, though not in itself a high motive, can be elevated by the eagerness being for the advancement and ease, not of oneself, but of one's kindred; and grasping ambition can be transmuted into family affection. Always presupposing the Christian view to be right, then it is

no argument against the rich to show the badness of particular origins of riches, not even if we prove a whole class of people to have inherited fortunes made by iniquities."

"Thank you, Professor," said Margaret, "you have made a noble argument for my cause. You have placed the workingman on the level of the slave, where we all know that he is; you have justified atrocious ambition through which drop by drop the essence of life is flailed out of the masses, by having the greedy extractor give the essence of ten thousand toilers to his wife, that gift washes the black and blood from his crime-stained soul; and if we believe in Christianity, we shall not in all the world, when the many are fed into the hopper and ground to pulp to make a bed of roses for the sterile few, be able to see enough injustice to sting us to proclaim a new order of life. It is a grand recommendation for Christianity."

"But I must ask you one thing. Paramount strength is with the patient herd, is it not, numerically, politically and physically? They have the weighty power of votes, they make the platoons of police, and in all armies they are three-fourths and more of the privates. Should they grow weary of having their essence ground out, of being the chattel property of masters for whom

they sweat and die for slaves' pay and estimation, they could sweep the masters off like fleas and possess themselves of all things in their own name—could they not?"

"Er, yes, they could, nothing could prevent them. But they have a conscience, thank Heaven, a conscience that prevents them—a sense of equity, of justice even, of a kind, a respect for God and property, a knowledge of Nature's great law that as some of their masters were placed over them by previous generations, it would be shamefully wronging all present and future masters to heave them off. Masters must always be kept, because the original wrong cannot be righted against those who did it. If we could just get at the first batch of masters, you know, in the year minus 6,000 or so, and take their fleecings back, with a term in jail—but we can't. It would be terribly unmerciful to attack the present inheritors of their fleecings, wouldn't it, now, after we have let them enjoy the benefits of the robbings so long? They have established a right to them by keeping them faithfully and enjoying them constantly, haven't they? It would be robbing these people to take away what they've had so much pleasure out of, although it was never theirs, you may say. In consideration of the blunders of past ages and the crimes of dead people, the present living negligi-

bles, or those whose ancestors forgot to steal, if you will, must serve the descendants of those who were alive to their opportunities and stole everything, as long as we have a world. It's their duty, and I don't know anything grander than duty. The harder it hits a poor man the grander it seems to the rich man.

"However, as Adam Smith shrewdly noticing that 'servants, laborers and workmen make up the far greater part of every great political society,' declared, it is but equity 'that *they who feed, clothe and lodge the whole body of the people* should have such a *share* of the *produce of their own labor* as to be themselves *tolerably* well fed, clothed and lodged.' "

"Adam Smith was very kind to his supporters," Margaret rejoined. "It is like giving your father and mother who supply you with a fortune, tolerably good food and clothes out of it. But perhaps some of you can tell me about the right of inheritance, which petrifies and perpetuates injustice when it is once done."

"I can," said a scholar.* "I thought that subject would be up, and I came prepared. Great doctrines like that originate back in Rome, the hot-house of justice and just laws. The beautifully complex and voluminous system of Roman

*W. E. Ball.

inheritance depends upon a remarkable theory of indissoluble unity between the heir and his ancestor. Henry Maine has traced it out in this wise: 'The notion was that though the physical person of the deceased had perished, his legal personality survived and descended unimpaired to his heir or co-heirs, in whom his identity (so far as the law was concerned) was continued.' 'The testator lived on in his heir, or in the group of his co-heirs. He was in law the same person with them.' 'In pure Roman jurisprudence the principle that a man lives on in his heir—*the elimination, so to speak, of the fact of death*—is too obviously, for mistake, the centre round which the whole law of testamentary and intestate succession is circling.' Maine explains this idea by reference to the period when the family, and not the individual, was the 'unit of society.' 'The prolongation of a man's legal existence in his heir, or in a group of co-heirs, is neither more nor less than a characteristic of the family transferred by a fiction to the individaul.' "

"Inheritance then is founded on a theory worthy of Punch?"

"You might say that," the professor assented, "if you look at it in itself, but not if you consider its great performances in history. Then it is sublime."

CHAPTER XXII.

GILES toiled on, becoming ever more of an international monarch and hero. Philip had remained in The Amalgamated, hoping that Giles would relent when he realized the seriousness of Margaret's purpose. There was no softening, and when the great financier evinced his resolution to fight more stubbornly, Philip withdrew from the partnership, leaving him alone. Philip then executed a plan which his experience in The Amalgamated had suggested. Putting on a common laborer's garb, which obliterated his personality beyond recognition and deprived him of the respect hypnotically commanded by clothes, and taking a new name, he secured work in the concern's mills in different cities, to learn by exact knowledge the answer to certain questions. After a number of months of this investigation, amplified by talking with thousands of workingmen and experience in their unions, he joined Margaret thenceforth to work in common with her.

At this time Horace Gray died. As a boy he had possessed a strong constitution. His parents were without means beyond those necessary to feed, clothe and give a proper common schooling to four children. Gray had educated himself, earning his way by any work he could lay his hand to, with proof-reading always to fall back on. The strain involved was nearly twice what his vigorous system could endure uninjured. Many of the fellows who had essayed the same thing, sons of people of moderate condition like his own, though financially and socially above the working class, broke down entirely. Some committed suicide, some went insane, some developed diseases from which they subsequently died, or lingered feebly. Others were obliged to abandon an educated career and follow a wretched valetudinarian existence as farmers, but all was carefully hushed up by the college authorities, and statements over the signature of the president were annually published that young men in straitened circumstances had no difficulty in earning their way through the institution, and the public continued in its foolish mistake that higher education was open to the masses.

Gray survived this period, though much broken. The wear followed him into practical life when he adopted the luxury of being honest with himself and having principle. Every avenue but

severe drudgery was barred if he was not willing to stultify himself by the sale of his talents to uses which were dishonorable and base. The drudgery he would not have minded, he had served often and long at that, but he did mind being forbidden by the decree of drudgery to do anything to extend the nobler conceptions of life which he held, to the great stolid majority.

The first light and security came when Philip Burson found him out. It was then too late. His brain was not dimmed and he held his post to the end like a pilot in mortal storm, beating feverishly against the coming night to accomplish a slight part of the work which he had made luminous with his life.

When they gave him to the flames Philip made the brief address, comparing his own advantages as inheritor without reason of the income of five hundred thousand dollars, with the killing struggles of Gray, who had inherited a large soul and commanding mind with transcendent devotion to the highest path-finding ideals, but no money and no pull. There he was dead, his powers spurned by men and hurled tauntingly back into the unknown that had sent him, as if the world were so fertile in goodness and genius that their bearers could be despised and sacrificed in the morning of their work—while men below the threshold of

the human were rioting in earth's superabundant substance, a little of which would have saved this surpassing spirit for glorious ministry to men.

Gray had requested that his name should not disclose the burial place of his ashes. They marked the spot with a rough boulder with only the words on it, "One of the First Human Men."

Giles meanwhile throve in the higher quarters. He was a thing of worship to the rich, with the nimbus of an emperor on his calculating head; a couple of widows and orphans, also, whose money he had borrowed for a moral shield, blessed him. When greed obliged him to perform an uncommonly criminal action he declared that all his enterprises were conducted for the benefit of widows and orphans, and criticism slumbered.

Nevertheless the working class was assuming a new and disagreeable attitude toward him. Formerly when he went among them they had conducted themselves becomingly, as if he were an exalted emanation, but now they let him pass, paying no heed whatever or even indulging in very open scowls, as much as to say, why are you putting your unwelcome nose among us? Isn't it enough that we are your slaves and make you rich? He felt so bitterly angry at these slights and insults—for of course they were insults since he was their master and their bread and butter giver

—that one day in high rage he discharged several for not speaking to him as he passed through a shop. Forthwith every worker in that mill struck, the disaffection spread rapidly, soon every man, woman and child employed by The Amalgamated in the United States laid down his tools and walked out. The event shook the money markets of the world and almost precipitated a stupendous panic. Giles, to minimize the instructiveness of the revolt, hastily received the discharged men back and for that time ended the industrial rebellion and lowering cataclysm.

Naturally the consequences of this strike did not die with it. The workers had latterly adopted new policies; they did not leave it for a few salaried leaders to sit apart and decide what the mass of them should do, nor to weightily propound judgments for them to follow: they trained themselves to frequently meet in every district, regarding it as a man's duty above every other, to himself and his comrade toilers, to be invariably present and to say freely what he thought of affairs. It was a working-class revival of the town meeting. No one who spoke was made to think himself a fool by wisdom-monopolizing heads and managers posing as big men and sneering from an inner circle. For there was no inner circle, because the people would not allow one to start. We can attend to

our own affairs by attending to them, was their motto, and they lived up to it. Politics, the care of society, they curtly said, takes precedence of every other work a man can do: it is the base which all stands on, and if neglected or badly managed all else goes wrong. Hitherto we have given its care to a special class, who naturally turned swindlers, making a sharpers' private profession out of it. If we left our breathing to some one else he would doubtless charge a profit of us and steal our air. If each did not himself take care of so fundamental a thing as eating we should all probably go foodless most of the time—except of course the ones appointed to feed us, who would go gorged. Politics is the nutrition of society. It is a fundamental corporate action; it is the preservation of social health by good social hygiene, comparable to bathing, breathing, and right feeding in the individual, a personal function, not delegable. Delegating politics is the cause of all colossal swindlings of the masses, because the agents or deputies, having primary and practically infinite powers thrust on them, instantly erect the powers conferred into a masterful system for general plunder.

Of course politics, when each is his own politician, will extirpate that noxious tare the political specialist or politician as now known. Even

the word will probably die, because of its foul significance in our corrupt times. It will be then impossible for a new Gibbon to say, "In each successive revolution the patient herd becomes the property of its new masters," for except by the use of delegated politics masters cannot arise. And then, under popular ownership of productive property, in what respects could politics be similar to our politics!

What has corrupted St. Louis into a fourth power of Tyre, Sidon, Sodom and Gomorrah? The *capitalists* in it. Its first men, its leading citizens, its rich, its respected because they are rich. They are its debauchers. Remove them, blot their tanks of money out, and you kill the reptile of bribery which lives on their money. One millionaire capitalist endorsed a note for $135,000 to be used for bribery. The leading political boodler has made several millions for himself selling the city's property to the city's capitalists. Pals and accomplices of a gang of these eminent rascals, convicted of the crimes and under sentence, are free and thriving in the Municipal Assembly—a legislature of convicts, making the laws of the town. If any poor man broke those convict-made laws he would be railroaded for a couple or twenty years in a couple of hours by judges made by these convicts. This is Capitalist Justice. If a traction

conductor should steal five cents from the Suburban Railroad whose director endorsed the bribery note for $135,000 to steal franchises and properties from the city worth millions, that criminal conductor would get the extent of the law —the director gets the extent of the city's treasury.

"In St. Louis the regularly organized thieves who rule have sold $50,000,000 worth of franchises and other valuable municipal assets" for not a tenth their value and pocketed the whole. Who bought them? The capitalists, who bribed the city's rulers who sold them. Every possession the city has is "listed for future sale" in the same way to capitalists. The boodle capitalists have their eye on the $40,000,000 city water plant and will next buy that of the boodle politicians for $15,000,000 or less. Philadelphia boodlers of both classes, capitalist and politicist, most respected Quaker City personages, rich and old in lineage and sin, showed them how.*

If the capitalists were put out of trade, made a fossil type, who would bribe, who would buy? Who then could boodle? The corruption in St. Louis "involves, not thieves, gamblers and common women, but influential citizens, capitalists, and great corporations. For the stock in trade of the boodler is the rights, privileges, franchises,

*Philadelphia gas works and trolley franchises.

and real property of the city, and his source of corruption is the top, not the bottom of society." It is the rich. The life of the political thief is the greater capitalist thief. Political swindlers are chicks hatched by the capitalists. The cure is plain.

At these industrial town meetings of The Amalgamated workers the power of the strike was keenly considered. What could the few owners do if the men everywhere should refuse to work for them? The effect of every limited strike is destroyed by toilers in other departments working and keeping things in motion for capitalists. For example, in a great coal strike the railroad men continued their labors, hauling to market all the coal dug by strike-breakers, and being the most potent allies of the coal-owners, without realizing it. Through their aid to the employers the conflict lasted five months and ended dubiously in a commission award which granted the miners a few trivial points, leaving the battle to be fought again by and by; while if the railroad men had sided staunchly with their own kind, the toilers, in the struggle, however many renegade coal-diggers the operators might have scavengered up, not a ton of anthracite could have left the mines and the nation would have brought up instantly against the coal famine, which as things went was staved off

months. And why did the railroad branch of labor—firemen, brakemen, engineers, and others—haul coal in support of these mining roads to cooperate in starving their comrade workers toward surrender? No soothsayer can tell.

Such facts and reflections awakened a luminous train of thought in the laboring masses. If the capitalists extracted bloated riches from them, they were a party to the act by consenting to work for capitalists and create the riches. They were not confined to politics for deliverance, politics enclosed in a reeking system of political corruption caused by possession of great political machines by the rich. If they trusted to politics alone they had to face the danger that the common people, still raw in the firm individual use of their political functions, might be tricked by their elected saviors in office. The people have brought forth many revolutions but in every one have been swindled of the best results by their pretended friends. To fight politically there must be, or at any rate would be, a revolutionary political party modeled after its antagonists, and would not this party adopt the fighting methods of its foes, for expediency and strength, and sink straight toward their level of fraud, dishonor, and personal aggrandizement? Hosts of shrewd rascals in the dives of law and politics, grafter attor-

neys—and the workers are pathetically credulous of a black coated and hearted pettifogger who knows the wrinkles of infamy, they think he will lead them into Zion by a trap-door, look how they send him to Congress—shoals of them are only waiting for the radical movement to become strong, when they will vociferate themselves its devoted champions, and take nothing but the plums of power, glory, office, and general management in return. They have often done it. The people knew their rottenness, thought perhaps that hurled at the enemy they might do the work of a rotten bombshell. Such men at the head would kill the reform and intend to kill it; again the masses would be duped.

The perception of these grave dangers did not deter The Amalgamated workers from preparing to make the battle politically. It strengthened their resolve to give leaders and delegates no rope, but to hold every political act in their own hands with an iron grasp. But it also nursed a decision not to rest their whole reliance in the political sphere.

The other method was to force the capitalist owners to a direct arrangement with them outside of politics and political compulsion. The wider and more general a strike should become, the more powerless would be the owners. Business of every

kind could be brought to a dead halt. If the strike were general, with the decision to carry it on till the capitalists surrendered and agreed to the workers' demand to be taken as equal partners into the Trust groups, what could the so-called owners do? They would have to yield, starve, or fight with weapons. But how could they constitutionally fight with weapons? The workingmen would be peacefully exercising a divine right not to work. If the military were ordered to round them up to their tasks with bullets, who are the military? Five-sixths are workingmen. Workingmen will soon be too well educated to shoot fellow workingmen for capitalists' benefit. It would be unconstitutional to drive unwilling men to work with guns. Enlightened workingmen cannot be expected to obey unlawful orders even to please the rich. The shooting plan may be set aside. The little squad of world-owners' sons would hardly open fire on the mighty hosts of workingmen if their fathers told them to.

The capitalists would not want to starve. They and their butlers, coachmen and valets would be obliged to go into their factories, flour mills, bakeries, abattoirs, delivery wagons, railway engines, mines, and clothing sweatshops, to produce their own food and fuel and garments and deliver them to themselves, to work as their own

operatives, blacksmiths, brakemen, builders, seamen, farmers, firemen, electricians, printers, cigar-makers, clerks, accountants, ash-emptiers, scavengers, garbagers, common laborers, or their lives and their profits would soon gloomily end.

They might as well throw snowballs at the sun to quench it as to resist their fate. They would yield, as the child does to the man. They might squirm but they would get over it. They would capitulate *without the general strike,* when the people announced the date of it. They would abdicate, and do it cheerfully in contemplation of how much worse things might have been for them.

Now the readjustment would be *an industrial process, not a political one.* Political shysters, political saviors of mankind for the pay or glory of it, would have no part in the deed. History would be saved an immense sum of incorrect bluster. There would be a few less imaginary heroes but mankind itself would have become heroic. There would be no reconstruction period with political carpet-baggers in the captain's cabin steering salvation and scheming how to keep the helm and their reputation of disinterested saviors at the same time.

The transition would be good-natured, harmonious, polite, conducted pleasantly along the paths already reasoned out by the workers and

blazed out by the capitalists. When finished, politics would have lost nine-tenths of its field—which is taking care of private capitalists' and adventurers' interests. After that there would be no danger of the people losing their cause by the machinations of political spellbinders playing the game of radical politics in order to steal its fruits.

At their great educational meetings the people, reckoning on the present saturation of all politics with fraud and swindle, therefore made up their minds to prepare for the general strike as a parallel and concurrent measure. If one plan halted or missed the wanted results, the other would carry. They recognized the interminable delays of politics because of our undemocratic framework of government, given us by the fathers in their dread of real control by the people, and saw the possibilities of miscarriage. Personal adjudication with the capitalists would involve no obstructions, and could be instantaneous. Nothing indeed could be simpler or swifter formed than workers' industrial partnerships out of the Trusts.

The people counted also on the fact of human nature that men will act with strikingly greater wisdom and intelligence as well as strength when something is to be *done* rather than voted to be done. Experience shows that they can be vitally stirred to act where they cannot to vote. It is nat-

ural, because the thrill of doing something fires them, and what they do by putting forth strength or mind is finished and done. Men will fight and die, and strike and suffer, where they will not vote themselves into the promised land. Though voting might speed and enlarge their success they are tardy at it. A sage once found a New England farmer who said, what is done with the gun stays done, and one might say what were done by the universal strike would stay done. The memory of it would be enshrined in facts portentously felt, with no desire for re-experience.

Hence the laborers formed a Universal Strike Association, keeping it quite aloof from their everyday Trade Unions. The officers of the latter had mostly fallen into ruts and reverently regarded the capitalist régime as a holy finality. Giles was occasionally issuing public bulletins of instruction and warning to these men, such as the following:

"Labor," he said, "must not feel too much emboldened by the result of its recent strike, nor because prominent employers have declared for the arbitration movement. Labor," he solemnly enjoined them, "will relegate itself to a worse position than it has ever occupied by making *radical* demands."

Thus he kept the sword of Damocles quivering

over Labor's head and frequently shook it appallingly by a menace of what he would do if they made radical demands on him. Radical meant demands that amounted to anything.

Of the labor leader they had first had with them up at the Industrial Dinner and Love League he said, "There is a man the size of whose head no success will ever change," by which he signified that the capitalists had him so well in hand that there was nothing to fear in him.

At all this the rank and file of labor now only laughed; the labor leaders, however, took it as their instructions for duty.

The Universal Strike idea kindled immense enthusiasm. Victory was made sure by it, and it also aroused the voters to vote for themselves. It was something concrete, with a vast and spirit-animating stake; the laborers knew how to strike, it was their forte.

CHAPTER XXIII.

GILES and his intricate machinery of deception —college, politician, clergy, and all—had totally lost their influence with the common people. For himself he discovered that half the delight of being a capitalist monarch had oozed out since the working people showed him open scorn and he could do nothing to resent it. They treated him as a malefactor, turning their heads away when they passed him, who had formerly rejoiced in the sensations an emperor has riding through the hushed files of his cringing caitiffs in a court chariot.

This man takes the bread we earn out of our mouths, the people growled; why is he not a thief and vicious ingrate? Let him restore our goods if he wants our notice, we can't condescend to so hypocritical a wretch. Very low-sunken is he to pillage us and come for our smiles and nods. Away with such banking on our gullibility! A thief is a thief, big or little, illegal or legal.

Giles had been proudly silent when Margaret left him for her life among the workers. As a martyr for the Rights of Property he meant to live it out. Time, however, brought the revelation that Companionship and Love are greater than Property in all its Glory. He was alone among men, in alliance with the class that had killed his loved wife in the richness of youth and poisoned the wellspring of his joy. It came upon him that after all his enemies had won. He was fighting the battle of *their* class now, an irony that made him gnash his teeth. The only pleasure of it was the wrecking of them one by one as his monstrous industrial crusher gathered momentum down the commercial incline.

But the survivors shared his pleasure in seeing the bubble of their friends' happy fortunes burst, oblivious to the certainty that the same grim fate was beating its black wings over them. Friendship counts for naught in Commerce. All of these rich men had old scores of fraud and hate against one another and praised Giles as a just Providence for avenging them. If they went down later themselves it was almost worth ruin to have seen the ruin of their boon friends first. And their ruin marched on. The Great Amalgamated Fish, Ship, Iron, Transportation, Coal and Steel Company spared none. According to the Rights of

Property written in the sidereal system when the Universe slipped the leash of our sun and gave it the spin that made us, The Amalgamated was entitled to the whole earthly Ball; and it was fast getting it.

The fact that this travail of the stars did not bring Giles happiness was writing itself in hieroglyphic figures on his face. Nothing could shake that mighty constitution, yet the furrows deepened and that victorious eagle look was less defined. Sometimes he tried to hate Margaret but his mind was too clear; she had told him it was her right to live her ideas too, which echoed in his soul when he strove to nurse bitterness. "She is higher than I," was the sentence that ever formed itself, and he would wonder if her greater elevation of mind had its whole origin in the mother—or had he also been noble once?

How little he had known this daughter! Perhaps had he not been so cocksure of his powers he might have learned her secret and grown up to her stature. He had despised the chance of true union with the only living soul that had been on his side of the terrible abyss between him and mankind.

The awful loneliness of being shut out from this one kindred being in the living world gnawed him until he found relief by going to one of her

meetings. A little getting up gave him the appearance of a stranger and he chose an inconspicuous place. As Margaret spoke Giles felt the load of care that had been heavy on him lightening; it was as when one starts on a long, peaceful journey of rest, breaking the relentless spell that has made the routine acts of the mind a galley torture.

She was talking of the social revolution accomplished by Trusts. It was not a revolution to be, but one this instant in the height of fulfilment. Stripped of side issues it was a revolution which was wresting all the industries from the people and degrading the entire mass of them, save the owning few, to a hired population. That was a distinct and amazing downfall, a passage from independence, freedom, to the grade and contempt of the servant. All men now came from the womb of Being to lead a hired life. A hired man with no option but to be hired is not one-fourth a man.

Were there wonderful co-operation and labor-saving? Yes, a hired co-operation, and a saving of labor which intrinsically assassinated and exterminated those whose labor was saved. Their labor was saved and they were lost. The Trust Era was the era of Industrial Assassination. Those unneeded by Trusts were dropped into the River of Want which soon consumed their strength to cry

against wrong and swept them down to the ocean of death. The gods of wealth called them the unfit, and said they ought to go. In truth, the unneeded fit *were made unfit by Want,* then went down. Unneeded, not by Life and the Growth of Man, but by the Gods of Riches. Unfit to add to these gods' riches—that was their unfitness. To be productive of values not comprehensible to these creatures they were fit. The best, who would not creep before the wealth majesties, went down. The highest race-fruit stolen, destroyed by these gods because they could not comprehend and did not want it; the cream of mankind thrown waste by them because their bat-blind sordidness had no use for it. And the race was left sterile and impoverished. The blind survived and worshiped the blind, and all united in hosannas to the blindest.

But the Trusts opened the way to a social construction of the highest order, one impossible before the Trusts came. They permitted a natural, unforced association of mankind up to which men were already trained. Not a single new or untried principle would have to be employed. Trusts, by organizing industry had made the production of such a quantity of wealth possible that there was now no reason, real or fictitious, for giving an unearned income to a few, there was enough for

all to have the best things of life liberally, without favoritism or exclusion. All could possess the highest culture, as far as they had ability, making obsolete the idea of a class of culture specialists—a class existing through the *un*-culture of many, yet pretending to exist to supply culture to the many, a class like nobilities and kings always certain to betray its trust.

There would have to be no starting at the bottom and building up new industrial structures by battle and competition, the Trust structures and amalgamated plants were there, already well built up, with all the men in them accustomed to working together. The partnership system of owners and workers in one unity had been tried, wherein the owners were the workers. And in other successful enterprises on a great scale the workers had not only been shareholding owners, but actual proprietors, directors, and managers, in association. Yet further, workers had started jointly at the very bottom, possessing no capital but their latent labor, managing everything, creating everything by toil, without a capitalist or a trained industrial manager to help them, and they had massed up a great capital plant, yet capitalist-less, with which they had competed successfully and still are growingly competing, with capitalist-steered industries.

On these plants there were no unearning suckers of the plant life—why have them on any? But why compel these industrial associations to grow up out of nothing, keeping up the fiendish internecine battle, when here they are already grown, excepting an easy readjustment of the units within? When in every line of production the mastering tendency is to form one of these associations or trusts, smoothing the change to internal democracy?

Industrial transitions cannot be guessed or prophesied long ahead. Until we had the actual Trust confronting us, worked out practically, evolved along least resistance, it was impossible to determine the wisest manner of general entrance into the fruits of industrial conquest. The frameworks that could undoubtingly be employed for a higher rise in progress were not here. They could not readily have been artificially constructed, they might have toppled down. But now social nature has grown a living product, adjusted to actual conditions up to a point, and only calling for further intelligence to finish the adjustment according to the highest insight of the time. The growth came from the type of men we had, a higher type would have done much better; the growth was brutal, a higher type would have wrought it humanly; but here it is, and let the

higher type now take the helm and guide it humanly.——

A question was asked on the science of history, whether a certain evolution of industry from form to form was not inevitable, Feudalism, Capitalism, Socialism, et cetera, to which Margaret replied:

There is no science of history or economic evolution. There are no fixed laws to which industrial growth must conform. The controlling force is in the men of the time, and what they may do is uncertain. It rests on their intelligence and degree of will. The course of society is continually moulded and altered in this way. To say that it has gone thus and so because it had to, or will go thus because it must, through the guidance of some inherent economic principle, is a fetish. It has gone according to the dominant light and strength in men from age to age, and will thus waver or advance hereafter. Had there been a little more intelligence at any past time, a few better men living then, the whole course of history would have been changed and evolution would have brought us to a different goal. We should have all been higher. It is men, always men, and the quantity and quality of will they have and apply to the great problems of life.

And though fictitious economic or historic laws may afterward be educed and called guides and necessities, they represent but empiric surface shows, while Power, alive with infinite possible results and variabilities, bound to nothing but its own degree and light, was below all in the brains and wills of the living men of the period, giving the push and progress. Laws are the pong balls of their light and strength. There will be new laws and economic necessities, idly so called, the moment there are new individuals with more light and strength.

And the supreme affair of those who would advance the world and bring mankind out of its midnight is, increasing the confidence of the best-disposed in their power to mould and remould everything, drawing them to act resolutely and inflexibly upon their higher conceptions rather than feebly succumbing to their lower ones because of the formidable mass look of men, and that cowardly intoning of the long blind ages that we are Subject to a Destiny outside ourselves. For it is the will and light in men's individual souls that make the absolute laws, and they are only absolute awaiting the coming of men with richer character and deeper sight. And if the number born with higher will and clearer light can by

some application of our largening intelligence be increased, then have we speeded the coming of a new world with all the institutes of life remade and all the codes of the universe rewritten.

CHAPTER XXIV.

At the close of Margaret's address Giles came forward to the front of the hall. He did not look at Margaret but faced the people with his strong jaw set and the inscrutable twinkle in his deep-set eyes. A tremor of excitement swept the great audience at the menace of a battle between these two powerful representatives of conflicting social orders.

Giles spoke: "A capitalist deals in dollars. He measures the good of the world by the number of dollars there are in it, and especially by the number of them for him. He can't think in other terms. The progress of the world is to him the progress of dollars, chiefly of his dollars. The object of mankind is the increase of dollars. Society, education, religion, church, art, literature are all machinery for the proper understanding of the dollar. Flesh and blood are crude matter, the finished product is the dollar. Man is not an end in himself: his end is the addition of dollars

to the earth. The dollar is immortal. It takes the form of capital and never dies; if a man leaves dollars behind him, though he may become extinct, his essence lives after him doing the mission of immortality—ruling the destinies of men through the laws of wealth.

"We worship the dollar in our churches: the religious name of the dollar is God; in all our schools we teach our children to adore the Holy Yellow Deity. It is the Highest, for it rules this world without taking advice from Heaven above or Hell below. The pliant children harden in the mould of coin, and when they grow are settled idolizers of the One God, Dollar. All things work together for good to those who trust in Dollar and have it. As the hart panteth after the water brook so panteth the souls of the young after almighty Coin, when they have studied the lessons of our schools and Sunday-schools and pulpits and society and eminent examples and books. The earth is the Dollar's, and the fulness thereof, the world and they that dwell therein.

"After you have taught us this and beaten it into our open young natures and driven everything else out, after we have succeeded and turned our essence to gold, when we have traded our souls, hearts, brains, and blood for dollars and have nothing but dollars where was once a man,

you think we shall by cherubic magic or miracle change our granite-stiff characters and behave as if dollars were not the all-stuff of our constitution, as by precept, environment and example your sorcery made them to be? You had better begin undoing your work before you do it.

"I figure up mules and men by the same commercial laws and shall never cease to. How much is there in them; what can I get out? I never think of a donkey's destiny; nor of a man's—how could I make a profit out of donkeys and men if I did? I have no time to compute souls in my accounts, it would swell the expenses of business shockingly; Sundays and sermons were invented for souls, a whole seventh of the time! Think of the waste! and I pay toward them liberally. A man ought to be thoroughly converted in fifty-two days a year, why shouldn't I have the rest of him? If he believes in heaven he believes it doesn't make any difference what happens to him here, so converting a workingman is a mint cheaper than investing good wages, health and intelligence in him. He thinks from Hades here he pops into Bliss there, and he's a bundle of blooming thankfulness to the giver of Hades. If I thought horses and donkeys had souls I should want them saved too, and would invest money in churches for them if I thought it would conduce

to their submissiveness and I could have them to kill profitably on week days without raising a smudge. Men are that way, thanks to submissiveness and salvation.

"It is reported that one of our generals said of our negro soldiery: 'In a fight I am not worried about their safety, as it doesn't make any difference whether they get killed or not. If a person owns a thoroughbred or full-blooded dog and also a cur, is it not natural that he would prefer to have the cur killed before the other?' I have always looked on the workingman as the general does on the negro; I never could see that it made any difference whether he gets killed or not. I don't call them curs disrespectfully but merely to fix their place in the world and classify them compared with the rich. Capitalists have to look at things in a large way like that to keep mankind on its pegs. A few horses, donkeys, curs, or workingmen, more or less, what does it matter so long as Production goes on producing and thoroughbred capitalists get rich?

"This is what I've grown to and you all helped me. I thought you loved treatment on the donkey principle; in all these years I never heard you object, and you were always on fire to vote as I wanted you to. It has been your fault more than mine, I might say all your fault, for even

a capitalist can't make a willing slave free—he'll run to bondage to some one else.

"You have made it very disagreeable for me lately. Since you took to showing me contempt I haven't felt like a natural capitalist. I am willing to admit this now. I shouldn't have done so when I came here this evening. I seem to have imbibed some new ideas to-night, though I can't just see why I didn't get them before. They didn't sink in before, whether I had them or not. I have sent men about attacking your doctrines of equality in these words, which I half believed and the other half wanted to believe."

Giles took a circular from his pocket and read:

"'Talk of the shriek of the factory whistle! Under any plan of equality we would get up, go to work, stop work, eat our dinner, play, marry, beget children, live and die at the shriek of the state whistle, or the order of the state inspector—which is the same thing. The arts would perish, industries cease, the books that teach us the delights of life would no more be written—for all would be at the mercy of some state inspector. Under any system of equality conceivable, if you only trace out the details of its necessary consequences, any complete system of industrial and social equality, the ruling of a man's life in all its details by the state, for industrial equality and

such state rule are identical, will result in slavery —a dull and hopeless drudgery for a state ration of food and pleasure—a slavery from which there will be no escape—a tyranny more hopeless and hideous than the world has ever known.'

"I now know," continued Giles, ceasing to read, "that this is not true. I now perceive that industrial equality is not identical with state ruling of a man's life and affairs. I ordered this circular from a Boston lawyer and commanded him to lay chief stress on the point of state rule over all life's details because we can best hoodwink the people with that fable against their rights. If it were true I don't see that it could be a tittle worse or more tyrannical than *my* ruling men's lives and affairs, as I rule all who work for me. They every one get up, go to work, stop work, eat their dinner, play, marry, beget children, live and die at the shriek of my factory whistles. With them the arts have perished, industries for any but the rich have ceased, the books that teach us the delights of life are for them not written and never were; they can't read them, can't understand them and couldn't have the delights of life described in them anyhow. They are all at the mercy of Me. Slavery, drudgery, tyranny, hideousness? If I had been in their places every man, woman and child of them would have

committed suicide or made an industrial revolution and sent me kiting long ere this.

"You say they don't marry and beget children by the shriek of my whistle? They do. If I hold a bright serious-minded young workman close to the buzz-saw of low wages he dares not marry or beget. If I draw him back a little from the fear of mangling want, by a small wage increase, he risks it. Every workman's marriage is a pure risk and a terrible one. Hades sits enshrined in his house all the time, not angels or God. He sees its vast terror skulk over his wife and little ones while he eats, he lies down to sleep to dream of it. It is the Hades of Poverty and its obscene tortures. Let me increase his wages a little more and he will bring Me more children to be My later slaves. It is the shriek of My whistle that rules his marrying and begetting and dying, too, for if I cut down wages on him I can reduce the nutrition and size of his family very fast. My factory whistle controls population and funerals. From womb to coffin, it is Me, Me, Me, Me. Could the state at its worst and meanest equal this Omnipotent Capitalist, Me? Oh these prevaricators who prattle about *state* tyranny and won't see the black horror of *capitalist* tyranny over every move in the life of every son of man who toils! Blast and blast such pretended density!

It's the cowardice of us that's damning, even more than our selfishness. I knew what I was doing in this sphere all the time, and juggled my consciousness when it—seldom—pricked. My plea to myself was that all men are natural cattle who *submit* to this swindle, proper food for utter slavery to him gifted of God to swindle them.

"But would an industrial state—take it again at its worst—employ its tyranny as I have to squelch the blood and vital fire out of its members? Bosh. For whom? Who would do it? the state inspector? He could not *unless empowered by the members themselves.* Would they empower him? No. I succeeded only because they empowered me. It is just that which your revolution teaches them not to repeat.

"I see that equality is attainable without a state mechanism to absorb and direct everything, attainable by great reduction of state mechanism. And I have grown convinced that there never will be the slightest approach to peace and happiness in the human race without industrial equality.

"I never was much of a reader, though I have read more since I was internationally discovered to be a wise man on account of my riches—and I find it said of the Roman empire that 'Heavy fines, banishment, torture, death, are all ineffectual to check the inevitable corruption of a bu-

reaucratic government operating over an area probably the widest which has ever been ruled directly from a single centre.' * Precisely what they did not have, however, and went to ruin for want of, was industrial equality. The whole Roman Empire was a St. Louis or a Philadelphia. All politics was a strict department of business—the Boodle department. It was the most lucrative of all industries because manufacturing was then light and trusts unconceived. Emperorship was the highest branch of the boodle trade. The capitalists of the time were the great land-owners and state officials, mostly the same men. They boodled serenely on all the small of the empire of every station, the dumb majority, swallowing up the lesser landowners. Army and Government were their bailiffs. They were not ready for industrial equality. We are.

"But nevertheless Government is always naturally a tyrant. If we are to have organization of industry I want it without centralization, essentially without government. I want the government to do only this: to see that where individuals will not freely and voluntarily organize industries on lines of equality and equal good, with an industrial centralization only of federation, that is, where individuals still selfishly seek a

*Dill.

private capitalist grip, they shall be required to organize on the principle of equality. This is quite different from philosophical anarchism or no government, and from state collectivism or state owning and managing of the whole thing, even if the state be a peopleized or democratized one as far as possible. Grant the state directive power, though it be a popularized state, it might soon show itself to be a repetition of the Monarchical, Republican, state and re-commit all its crimes and oppressions, as republics have reproduced the tyrannous wrongs of monarchies.

"The state as an organ of all the people to enforce upon the selfish the adoption of an equal copartnership system of industry, to be evolved and conducted by the people from below up into a unity of manifold individual intelligence, initiative coming from the individuals instead of going from a central organization down, the state itself only requiring industry to be newly formed and preserved on this pattern, but not itself becoming an industrial manager or actual organizer of the whole—that I think is the proper use of the State or government in the next stretch of human growth.

"I had different purposes with society: I freely acknowledge that I adopt this just régime only because you will otherwise force it upon me. If

you had given me a little more time I should have put you in chains. It was the interference of agitators that saved you. I abhor agitators—except my daughter—they interfere with legitimate slavery. You never would have done anything for yourselves if agitators hadn't stirred you up; the canaille of the world—pardon the word—never did anything without agitators to shake them. From my point of view as a capitalist, who wants to put the world in his vest and walk away with it, an agitator is the worst thing on the verdure of human happiness. I acknowledge I am the verdure of human happiness. The capitalist is *it*—or was before the eruption of agitators. From the people's point of view, the agitator is the best living thing. Agitators came among you, and now after patiently serving masters for six thousand years, you propose to take your own world and be your own masters.

"You may like to know what I intended to do if the agitators had tarried away a little while. Reduce you to the passivity of penury. I have heard socialist speakers say that reduction to want goads the common people to assert themselves, change the system, and get justice. It's just the reverse. If the people are debased slowly they will sag torpidly into a half-alive state of moral and physical exhaustion, with spring neither for

ideas, emotions nor actions. Then will they be your sodden slaves, power of reaction gone, and you may belash and kick and club them, they will not turn or sting, because the nerve centres are spent.

"But you will believe this if I shore up my opinion with the observation of others who have no bias. Here is a London writer who is stunned with amazement by the passivity of the world's poor. (Takes a cutting on The Passivity of Penury from his pocket-book and reads.)

"When the money boxes are being carried round for contributions in relief of the distress of the unemployed, the West End man, and the villa man as well, . . . gets angry at what he considers the pushfulness and the energy of the working classes, backed by their trade unions, in bringing their troubles before the public, and thinks they show abnormal and misplaced persistency in putting forward their grievances. . . . The fact is, the well-to-do Londoner . . . . starts off on altogether the wrong note when he thinks and speaks of the great mass of working people as assertive, and arrogant, and insistent on receiving help and the redress of their grievances. The most remarkable thing about what we may call the one pound ($5) or twenty-five shillings ($6.25) a week working man, who is at least three

to one compared with his more fortunate class man, is his apathy and stolidity; his mental and moral inertia; his acceptance, without protest and discontent, of conditions which would make his critics writhe in fury if they felt themselves as helpless as he is; his hopeless lack of ideas as to obtaining redress, even if the thought occurs to him that redress is possible; his acceptance of low standards of life and means of enjoyment comparable to the passivity and fatalism of the Indian ryot.

"Let the well-to-do critic imagine himself in the position of the thousands of men from whom this severe weather suddenly cuts off their means of livelihood. . . . It would not be long before he and his fellow-miserables gave tongue.

"It is worth while considering this dumb apathy of the lower masses of the people who must be at the extreme of poverty even for them, at starvation point in fact, before they resent their circumstances. If they have any standard or ideal theory of life at all, it seems to consist in the pride or vanity of endurance. They seem as proud of their superiority in misfortunes as others are of their successes. It is only amongst the higher workmen that there is any theory as to the social and economic disabilities of their class; and if these attempt to give them voice they are received

nowhere with such cold indifference and contempt as by those for whom they claim to speak. Neither the economics nor the politics of the genuine poor take any wider view than the casual accident of the moment which may affect to the extent of a shilling or two a week their precarious wages. When we wonder if it can be any theory, or what we may call philosophy, which keeps them quiet under such harassing conditions as theirs, a tithe of which would throw their social superiors into a revolutionary fever, we cannot find any. There does not seem so much as this—that if they go into the streets and raise disturbances they will be put down by the police or the military, and gain nothing by their efforts. Indeed, that, if it were so, would suppose a capacity for generalization, and a moral power of self-restraint and calculation which, in the moment of the enduring of such sufferings, would be a miraculous mental phenomenon. The impulse of higher intelligences and natures in such circumstances would be to throw prudence to the winds; and the relief to be obtained in violent outbreak and the letting off of pent up feelings in some physical demonstration or other, even if it led to prison, would be almost a necessity. They have to be very bad before it comes to this, with the great body of the respectable poor. The chief reason of their

quietude is their low intelligence and their low standard of comfort, as the economists call it. Their resentment is not aroused by any general sense of wrongs; they cannot get to the mental attitude of tracing their misfortunes to general causes, such as the political or economic constitution of society. Their grievances are specific and individual. Whether their employer is a good or a bad paymaster, and can find them in 'jobs,' sums up for them the whole economic situation, and there are no other problems visible in the relations of capital and labor. They are the men who see nothing in politics and local elections, . . . unless they can get some casual job or a few shillings or an allowance of beer out of them. They do not see politics in relation to anything. . . . .

"All these things have one root, intellectual and moral apathy and imperviousness to ideas of any kind. . . . Perhaps it may need another century to determine whether that is the fault of education, or whether it proves that Nature for some wise purpose has endowed large numbers of her children with the blessing or the misfortune, as yet undetermined, of an almost animal impassivity and stolidity. . . . Chill penury does not serve in the mass, as individual poverty does sometimes, as a stimulus to better things. It has the

opposite effect. . . . Let sleeping dogs lie is a human policy we do not like to avow, even if we practise it. . . . The silent poor are utterly unable to work out their own salvation. They cannot help themselves: help can reach them only from without. [Saturday Review.]"

Giles threw his great shoulders back and looked defiantly into the faces of the crowd.

"I give you this true picture of Old World society and human nature that you may know what my plans against you were," he said. "Waking dogs may be put to sleep; the capitalist has got that art. First make men dogs, then they go to sleep. The masses of Europe are fast asleep from long degrading oppression; I purposed to give you sleep by gradual doses of the same want. Men are not born of God broken-spirited and dead of mind; they are mentally killed by the blows of poverty struck on them by their kindred men. I should have impoverished three-fourths of this nation's workers, brought them down to the shame and bloodlessness of penury, where they would have been men no longer, but soulless, courageless man-shadows, to do my will for a crust and straw. They would have voted my will, worked my will, fought my will. Who could have aroused them? Because their vital force had been starved to death, the truth and eloquence of those beating the fir-

mament to move them would have shattered against a silence of stone. I should have parted many from employment, to cheapen production and lessen costs to the consumer—as we say to amuse the consumer—and the cheated consumer would have believed and sustained me. He always does. He is made of the gas of credulity.

"The derelict unemployed waifs would soon have rotted away into my character-killed dummies of men. I might have employed them intermittently to soothe the public; a day's work, with seven or eight of idleness to consume the earnings and rest their apparatus of nutrition, paying well enough for the single days to edify the public with the fairness of their incomes. The public is lightly soothed. If it isn't starving itself it takes the starvation of others calmly.—Of workingmen especially. They never had much, and starving isn't a great change. In a little while all these unemployed would have reached the depths of speechless stolidity in suffering. God is good, suffering is its own anæsthetic, enough of it.

"I have not portrayed all the sunkenness of partial starvation, the creeping death I had in store for you.—Don't be excited, you have escaped. With softened faculties, these sad three-fourths skip on their quaking legs to fill our armies to shoot the intelligent who tell them of life and

freedom. They stagger with half-maniac pride when they can lift the guns of their masters and waddle forth in pomp to murder the friends who would save them and give them food and a human life that would make them human. Their degradation is then absolute, for they glory in patient starvation and fight under the banner of their starvers to defend their sacred privilege to starve.

"You see, friends, I have sufficient contempt for the objects of my creation. Don't call me a demon. I was only doing what had to be done to sustain capitalism. You wanted capitalism sustained until the other day, didn't you? It couldn't have been without systematic undernutrition of a good part of your class and slow extermination of the unnecessary. I was no more wicked than others in *seeing* what we all knew we were doing, and acknowledging it to myself. The rest were all hypocrites, humbugs, liars, to themselves and the world. Capitalism couldn't survive without using fiendish means, and I say every one of us knew in his heart it was so. You knew it, too, didn't you? If you didn't, I am sorry for your intellects. If you did, you too knowingly upheld the system that required us capitalists to be fiends. Draw what consolation you can from that.

"Even the higher workingmen, with trade

union shibboleths, are not far higher than the unemployed, being appeased with little concessions in wages and hours, but not demanding the abolition of masters. When their delegates go to play the part of labor-lobbyists at Congress and the State Houses, they are contaminated by the wiles of the professional politicians.

"If the people were different, were men, they would rise in every country in mass, break their yoke, and change the fashion of the social organism that keeps them miserably dishonored. So would the horse probably revolt against his brutish servitude if he were different. You couldn't harness the lion to an ash-cart.

"But we, the mighty, have knitted the ideas of goodness, respectability and submissiveness tightly together in the poor man's poor mind. Fooled, he abhors wandering from respectability into commotion—to save his nature from emaciation and death; he reveres the law which destroys him, electing his masters to make the law; quiet and orderliness are his idols, while those who have pronounced order good and non-resistance sublime, take his bread and let him perish by the wayside. And if he protests they club and shoot him to death in a peaceable and orderly manner. Peace and order *are* sublime for owners of property, that the horde with no property, death-

marked by want, may not rise and take a mouthful.

"I can speak honestly since I am beaten, and that dignified old order of legal crime is gone. It does me good to speak out and tell everything. If the poor of the world had been gifted with the vaguest stirring of true intellect in these years past they would have risen and risen again, until society had been impossible and life unbearable for the dominant conspirators who mure them in the dungeon of penury; they would have made the days of these feelingless few unboundedly wretched until justice was done. Nowhere in the world could the insurgent poor have been put down had they demeaned themselves like men.

"I may as well make full confession. I'm going to read a document prepared by me for my daughter while I still expected victory, while I thought she would fail in her evangel and return to me in her right mind. I intended her to have it as soon as she proved herself good capitalist timber. Here it is:

TO MARGARET.

"You learn life very slowly, and are full of ideas beneath your circumstances. I wish I could impress some of the doctrines of that eminent Capitalist and Psychologist, the King of Belgium, upon you. Although a King, he is a Light of

Civilization. The capitalist is the proper king, made over to fit modern styles.

"Leopold has written a book for the benefit of his heir presumptive; if I had the naming of it it should be called 'The Capitalists' Bible.' I will quote a few gems of his advice, most of which might have been written by any American consolidator to his heir presumptive. A capitalist must be as bright as the kings to keep his throne on the nation and protect his annual rake-off—for the canaille are always the same, in America, Germany, or Belgium.

"Leopold says: 'Now that you are king, I beseech you to stick to this maxim: Never give anything in writing at all, for subjects never forget a pledge of that sort, nor can they be persuaded of any double meaning it may contain. Verbal promises, on the other hand, are—mere sound and smoke, quickly forgotten and usually ill-reported. At least, the official press may hint that the latter is the case. Besides, the common people hate writers and thinkers, because thinking is outside their own sphere.

" 'Do not read books on philosophic, economic, or social-problem topics—they are liable to influence you against your own interest. . . Read solely to amuse yourself, novels old and new.'

"This is wise counsel for you as well, my dear Margaret. Never make the common people any paper promises. And you know I have brought you up not to read at all. Adhere to it. Even some novels have an occasional thought in them.

"The king continues: 'As a shining example, I recommend to you Leopold I., your grandfather. Originally a mere adventurer, he rose to the distinction of the Councillor of Kings. My army, my court, my ministries and parliament are peopled with his illegitimate sons. . . . Yet Grandfather Leopold had the reputation of a virtuous monarch. He maltreated his wife, an Orleans, but as her moans never reached the ears of the people it mattered not. As I said, he had illegitimate children by the score, and died in the odor of sanctity!

" 'The above teaches you, my dear Albert, that outward aspect is everything.'

"I quote this, Margaret, to show you our great superiority over the Old World in real moral matters. This is conduct I do not approve of. The family is most important for righteousness. If that is allowed to be lax the State and Industry may totter; if the people are virtuous in their family relations they will never disturb the Laws of Property. Yet we must be lenient with Leopold, for the Old World is like the Old Biblical

Dispensation. In questions of virtue the United States is to Europe what the New Testament is to the Old. We are blessed to have been born at a distance from Evil, but in Statecraft and Economy Leopold is quite modern, he is a very capitalist. His next remark proves him to be a member of the New Dispensation. Counsels he:

" 'The above teaches you, my dear Albert, that outward aspect is everything. As for myself, I was compelled, I am sorry to say, to kill more negroes than all the slavers Great Britain hunted down during the nineteenth century, yet I retained the reputation of a "civilizer." I introduced a new sort of slavery, and am hailed as "liberator." All the blame for the Congo atrocities, so-called, is charged to the account of my partners by unprejudiced people, and my own prestige remains intact.'

"This is quite right, dear Margaret, it's business. I have large investments in the Philippine Islands and South Africa, and he has caught the truth with a camera. We must mow down the negroes for Traffic's sake and call it God's sake—Civilization's sake will do as well for those who have outgrown God—but we don't need to blister our palms with the scythe ourselves. Let the armies do it, and take the responsibility for killing, while we take the dividends. The masses will not

let the thinkers attack the army for doing our killing; besides, the masses will *pay* the army for doing it. It's like paying our taxes. Remember, Margaret, that the army is the life of the capitalist. Patriotism is what keeps the army alive. You must, therefore, subscribe liberally to the Fourth of July and hang the flag out over your consolidations. The people have no stake in the country, but they have a stake in the flag. If you let it float over your consolidations—which once were their property—the accommodating idiots will believe they have a stake in the consolidations. Beat your drums and they will enlist to die for you. Turn the crank of patriotism and the people will confirm your monopolies with their blood.

"I now come to Leopold's most precious sentiments for the capitalist; take them into your bosom and you will thrive, neglect them and you will adorn the commercial gibbet.

"'Avoid being a mere man, my dear Albert,' warns this royal reader of men. 'A king has no business to have a heart. I killed mine long ago, the day I mounted the throne. Do the same, Albert, if you want to be a successful ruler. Heartless by my own free choice, I saw around me much blood and dirt, yet kept aloof. No one ever saw me affected or disconcerted, no matter what happened. . . . Remember these maxims:

"'A king must be big enough to do without a heart.

"'A woman born in the purple must not even know that she has a heart.

"'Be heartless, Albert, if you want to be successful. Your brother tried to be, and was, but made an exception in the case of women. That led to his death—your elevation. A hysteric lady of our highest aristocracy is indirectly responsible for his death; her husband killed him. I sent the avenger of his manly honor to Africa, ordering him to commit suicide, which duty he performed. He might have defied me, but he had too much heart to do it. Beware of affections of the heart, Albert.

"'My second daughter! She, too, could not divorce herself from her heart, and is living in an insane asylum, though every one says she is sane. . . . Albert, let the fate of my daughters be a warning to you. They are ruined because they could not live as befits royalty. Your success, too, will die young unless you live up to the maxims of a successful king, who remains, your loving uncle. LEOPOLD.'

"Some of you will say that Leopold never wrote that: it doesn't make any difference, he has *lived* it; if some one else observed his life and transcribed

his moving principles, it is the same as if he had written them out himself. It is a true picture, and a true one of what the capitalist has to be and is, to succeed.

"I admit my defeat. You have risen at last and my strength is shorn; I'm going to enter willingly into the new order of things and lend it my help. But I take pride in saying as an unrepentant commercial warrior of the noble old monarchical school that if you had waited just a little longer I should have brought you down to degradation so subtly and rotted your character so absolutely that you would not have had will, wish, or power to rise. You were saved by the efforts of agitators with higher ideas, who broke your lazy slumbers, who forced your hostile ears to hear, who drove aspirations into your indifferent souls, which grew there in spite of you and with no credit to you, and finally gave you spirit to put forth your invincible arm."

THE END.

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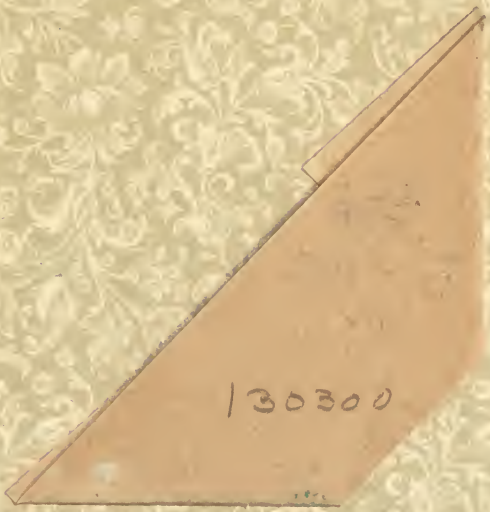
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